

OCT
2023

MAD

NO.
33

GOES BACK TO GHOUL





MAD

NO. 33

OCTOBER 2023

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Serglo Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Terry Wolfinger

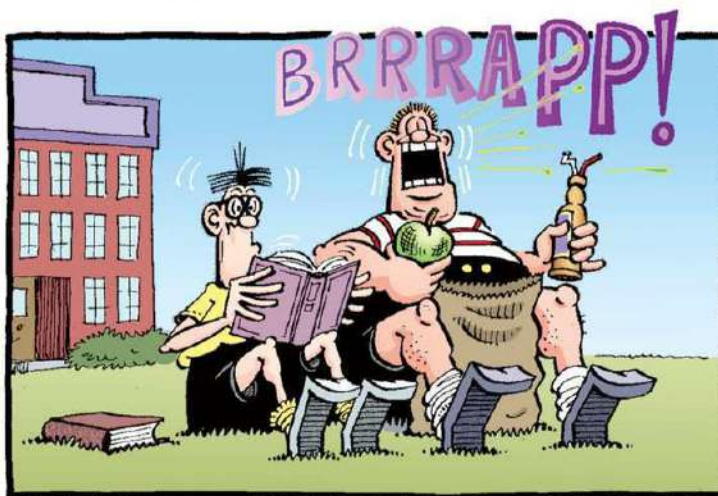
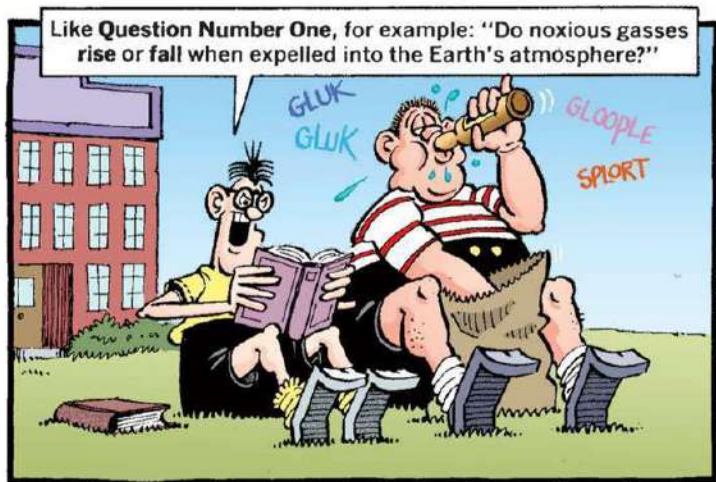
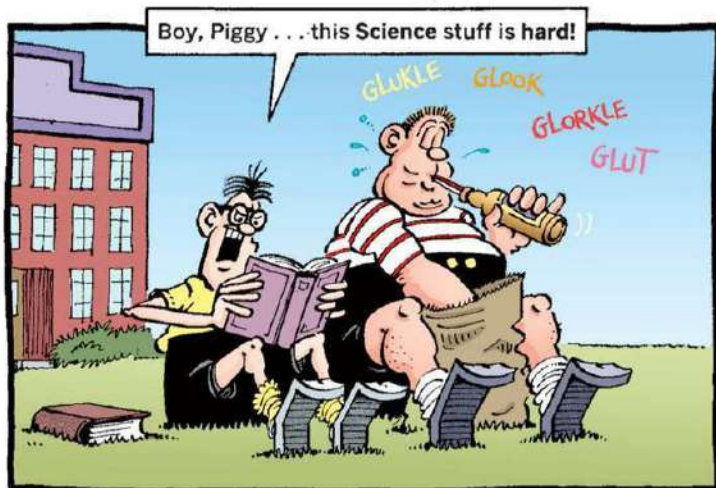
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

ALF-ENSTEINED ART MASH UP:
COVER ART MAD #101, MAR 1966
ARTIST **NORMAN MINGO**
COVER ART MONSTER MAD PAPERBACK #68, 1985
ARTIST **JAMES WARHOLA**
E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB AD ART, MAD #8, DEC/JAN 1953-'54
ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**



ONE FINE DAY DURING LUNCH PERIOD

WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**





SERGE IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK



WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS



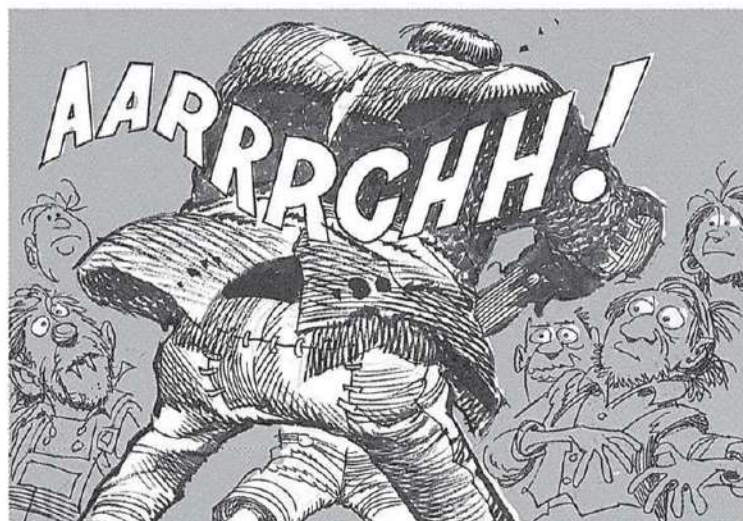




SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE...



WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST JACK DAVIS



CORN ON MACABRE DEPT.

We all know people who smile on the outside, but are disgusting and downright weird inside! Every year we elect many of them to public office! But here, we're talking about a famous bunch who, with their particular brand of wackiness, have grossed millions of dollars AND millions of people!!! We're referring, of course, to (all together, snap your fingers)...



I'm **Gonads**, father of the **Adnauseum Family**! Normally, I don't have a worry in the world because I have a vault in the basement filled with riches! But all that wealth could vanish in a few days! I just called a plumber to see why the pipes in the bathroom stopped oozing that wonderful raw sewage! And you know what plumbers charge!

I'm **More-teasin'**! I'm **Gonad's wife**! Gonad and I have a very special relationship. We relish *double entendres*! Lately we've been thinking of inviting over one of the neighbors so we can try "*triple entendres*"! Kinky!

I'm the son of **Abigail Grave-in**, a con artist! She and her crooked lawyer are making me pose as **Uncle Festive**, who's been missing for 25 years, so we can get our hands on the **Adnauseum fortune**! On the other hand, perhaps I am the real **Uncle Festive**! I haven't a clue! I've been **Back to the Future** so many times, I don't know what century it is!

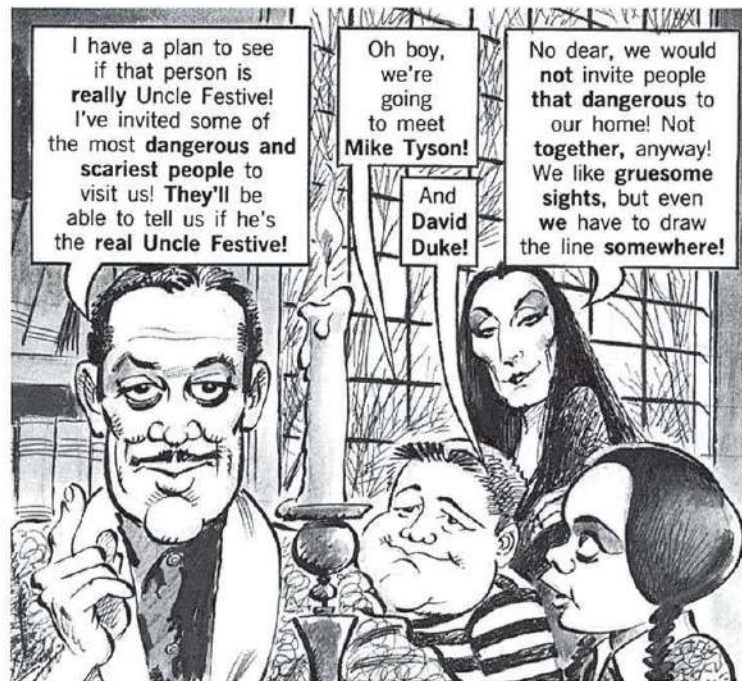
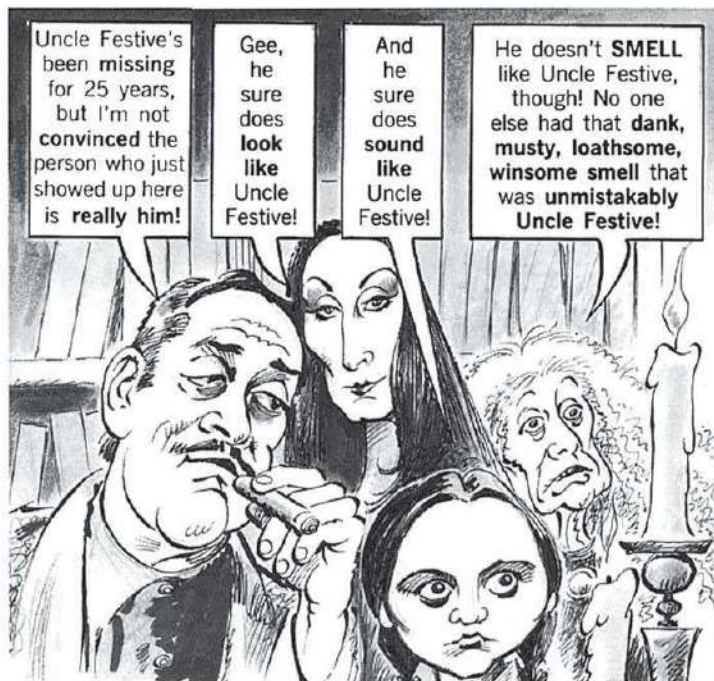


I'm **Grandmuck**! I'm a widow. The last time I saw my husband alive was when we had him for **Thanksgiving dinner**. He was delicious! I don't feel like cooking tonight so I called **Dominio's**. They get a **pizza delivery boy** over here in **30 minutes or less** so I don't even have to warm it up in the oven! The delivery boy, I mean, not the pizza!

I'm **Doomsday**, the daughter! I used to torture my little brother, **Pigsley**, but yesterday he said something that made me stop! He said he enjoyed it!

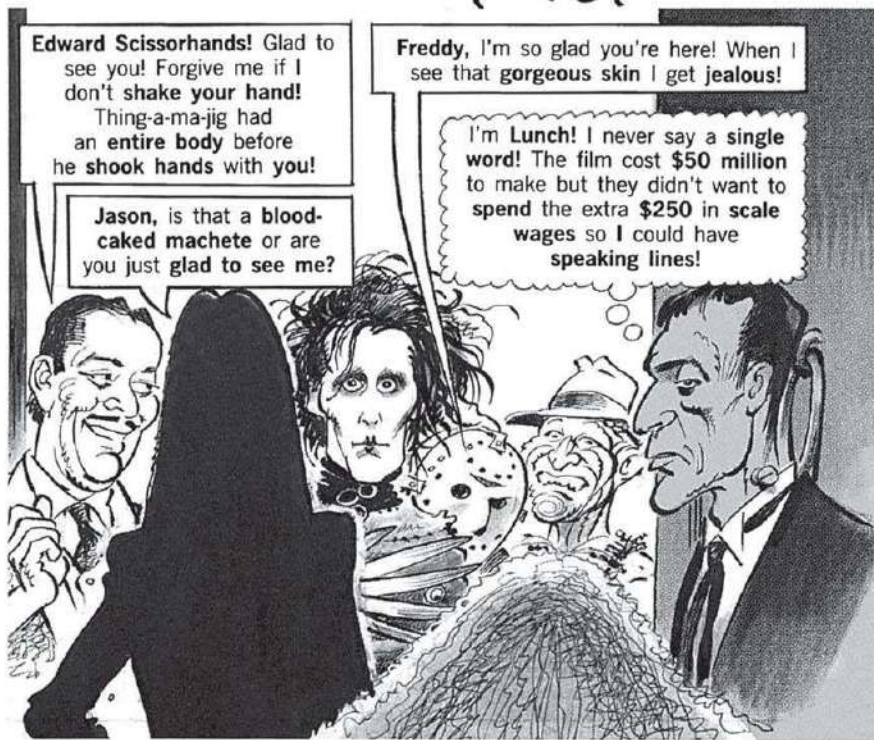
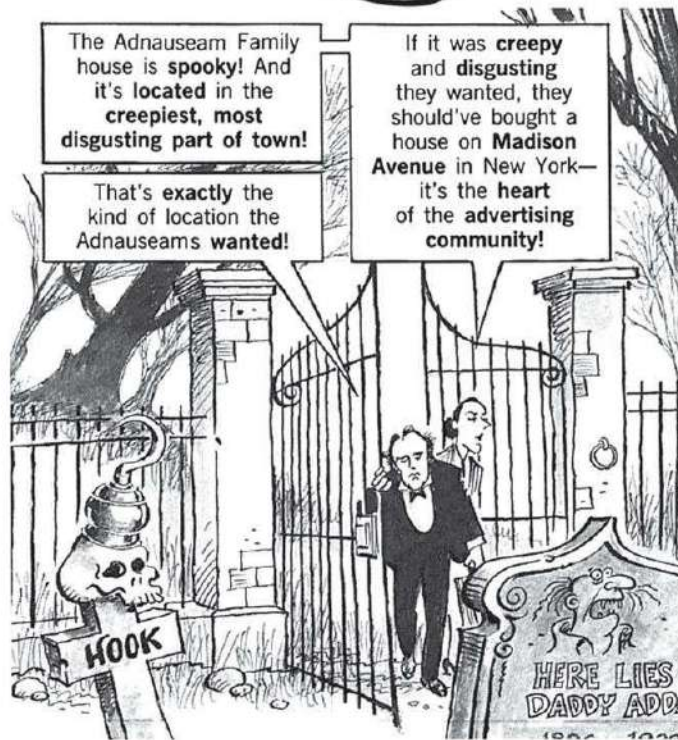
I'm **Pigsly**! My sister, **Doomsday**, is right—I really **LOVE** physical and mental pain! That's why I begged my Mom and Dad to send me to a **Catholic School**!

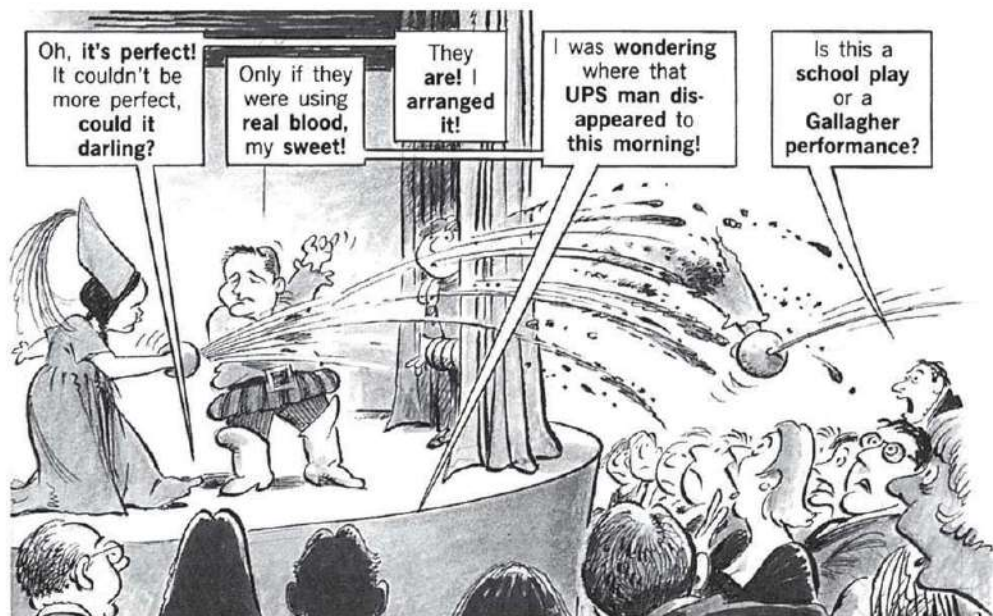
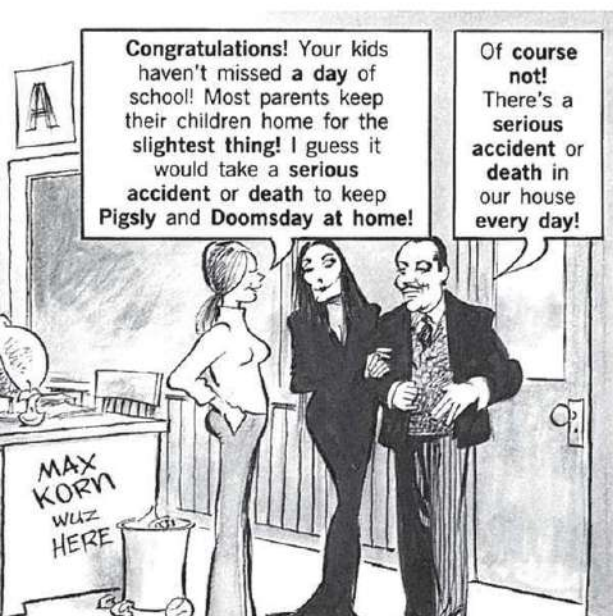
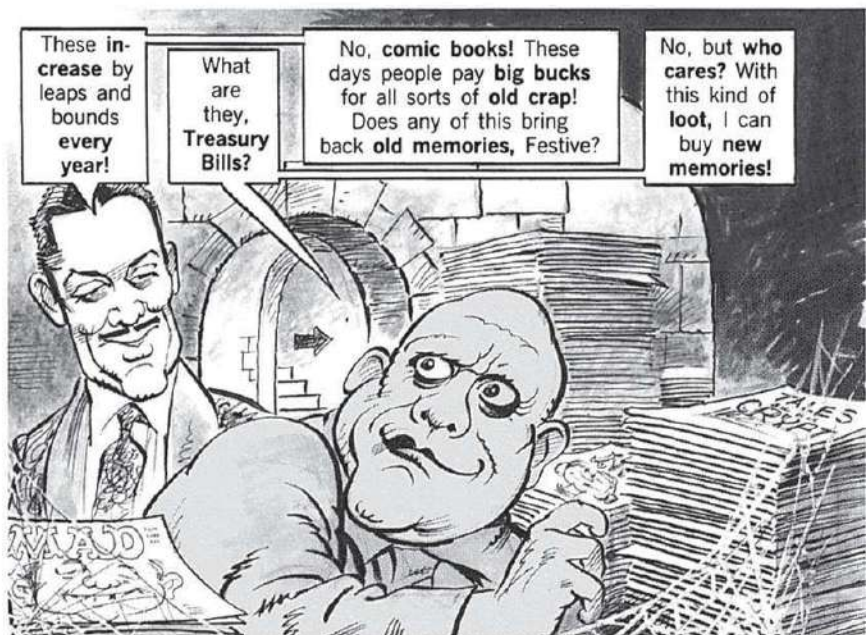
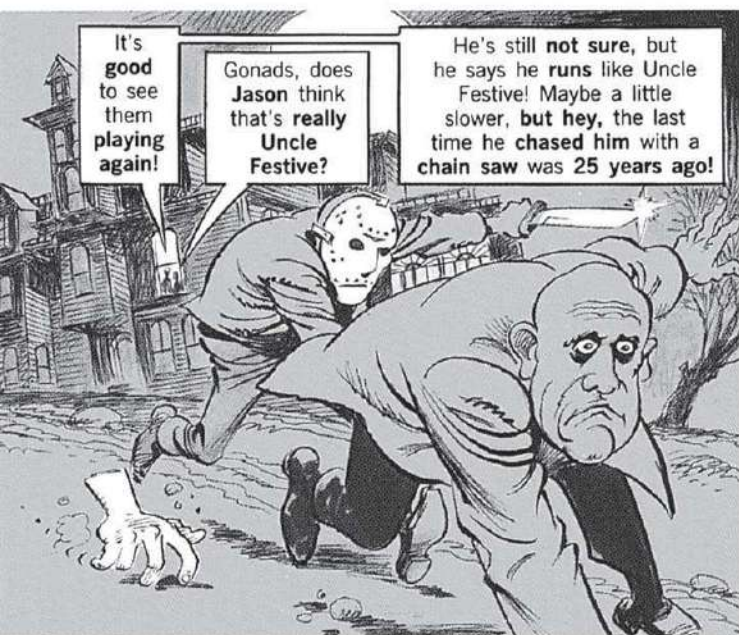
III
DRUCKER

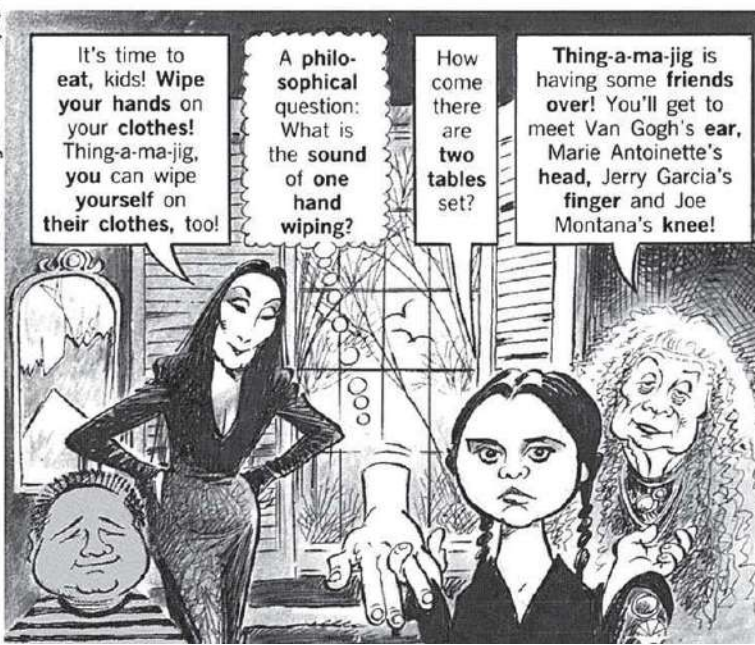
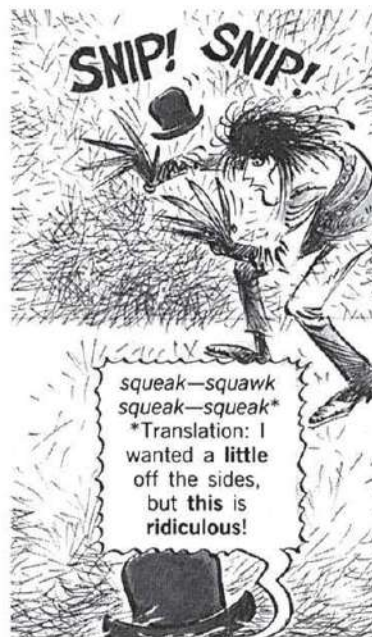
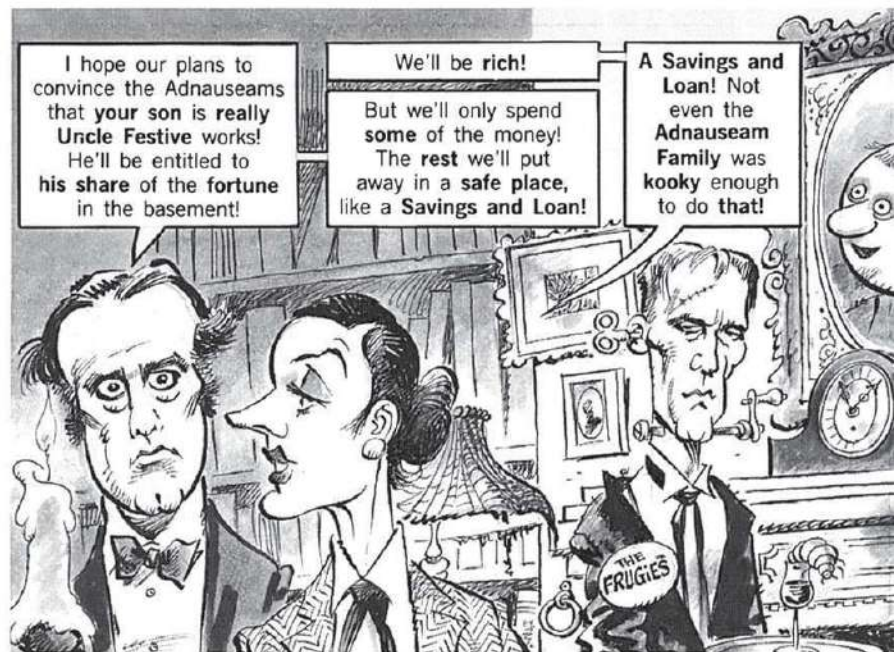
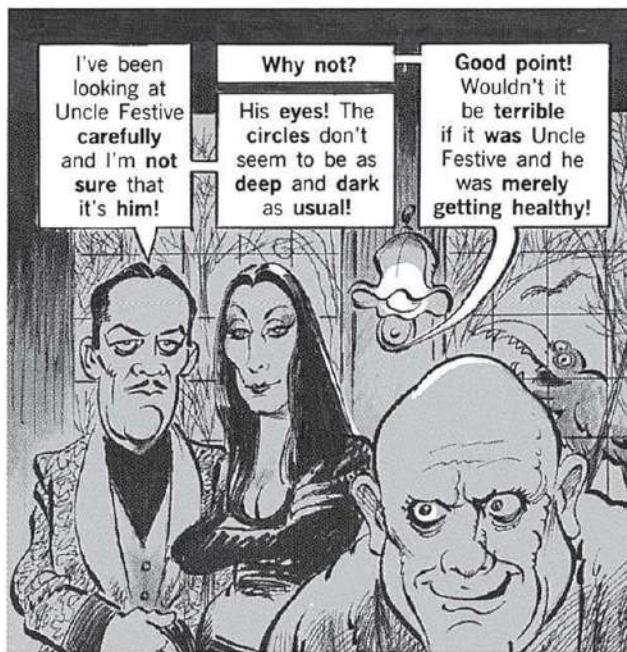


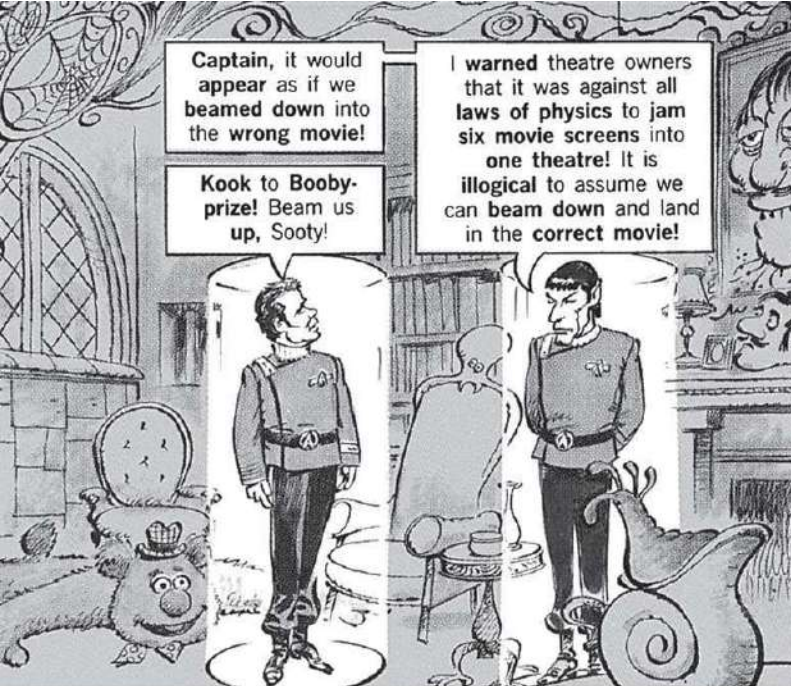
The Adnauseam Family

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**









Captain, it would appear as if we beamed down into the wrong movie!

Kook to Booby-prize! Beam us up, Sooty!

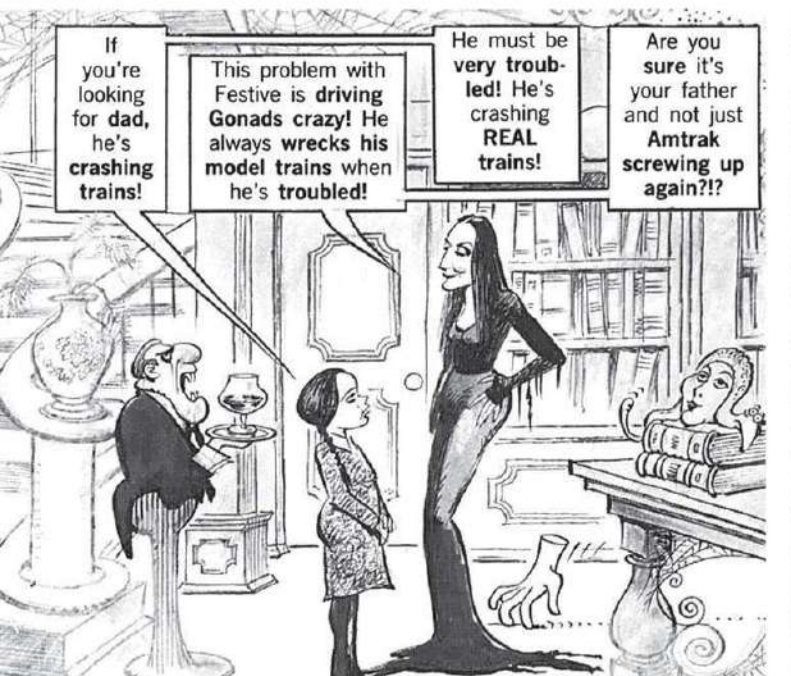
I warned theatre owners that it was against all laws of physics to jam six movie screens into one theatre! It is illogical to assume we can beam down and land in the correct movie!



What do you think? Is he really Uncle Festive?

I'm not sure, but he sure tastes like Uncle Festive!

I can't stand it! The Adnauseam Family have a multi-million dollar movie and a new book of cartoons! All we have is a crappy, low-budget TV sitcom with that stupid John Schmuck! Life is so unfair!!!

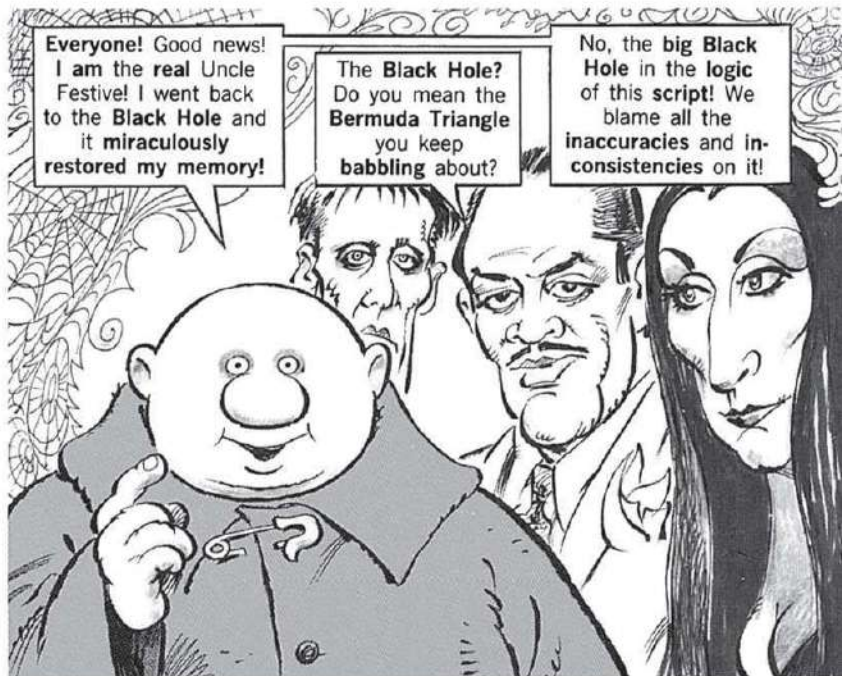


If you're looking for dad, he's crashing trains!

This problem with Festive is driving Gonads crazy! He always wrecks his model trains when he's troubled!

He must be very troubled! He's crashing REAL trains!

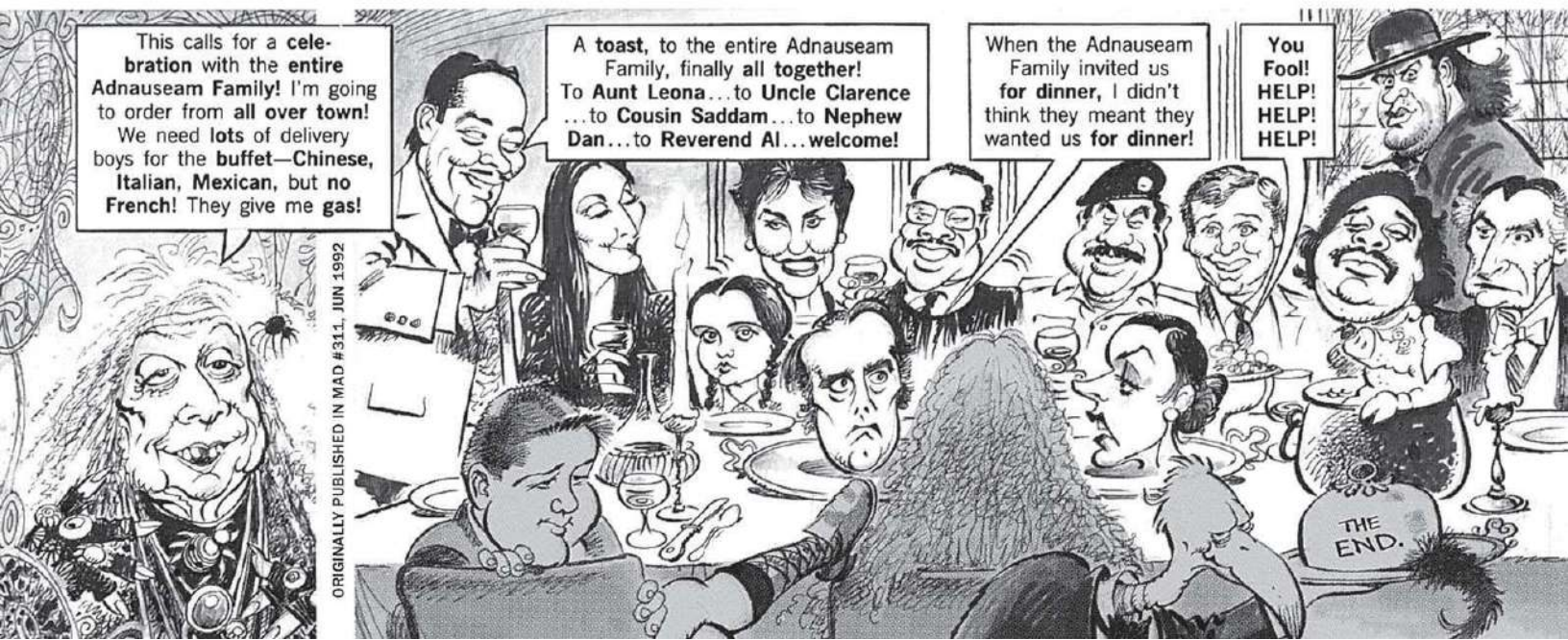
Are you sure it's your father and not just Amtrak screwing up again???



Everyone! Good news! I am the real Uncle Festive! I went back to the Black Hole and it miraculously restored my memory!

The Black Hole? Do you mean the Bermuda Triangle you keep babbling about?

No, the big Black Hole in the logic of this script! We blame all the inaccuracies and inconsistencies on it!



This calls for a celebration with the entire Adnauseam Family! I'm going to order from all over town! We need lots of delivery boys for the buffet—Chinese, Italian, Mexican, but no French! They give me gas!

A toast, to the entire Adnauseam Family, finally all together! To Aunt Leona...to Uncle Clarence...to Cousin Saddam...to Nephew Dan...to Reverend Al...welcome!

When the Adnauseam Family invited us for dinner, I didn't think they meant they wanted us for dinner!

You Fool! HELP! HELP! HELP!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #311, JUN 1992



DEFINITELY COME IN CANDY DEPT.

It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

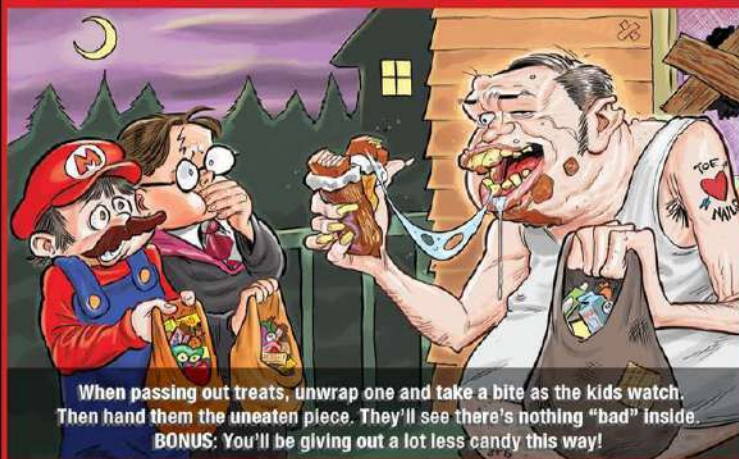
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST ED STECKLEY

ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside. BONUS: You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



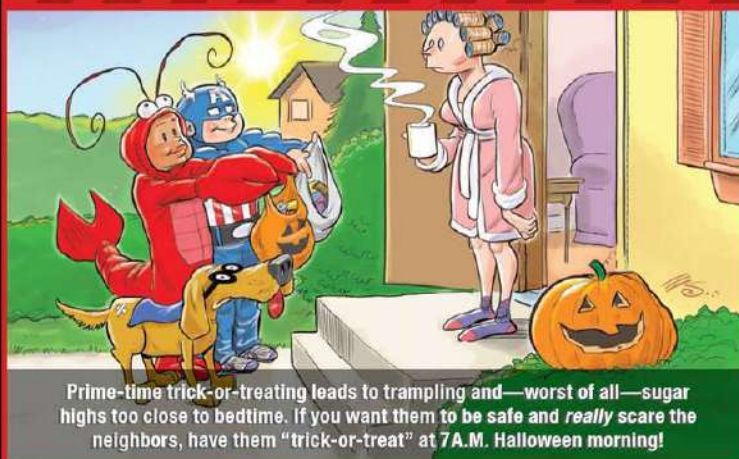
Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!

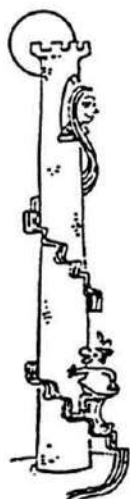
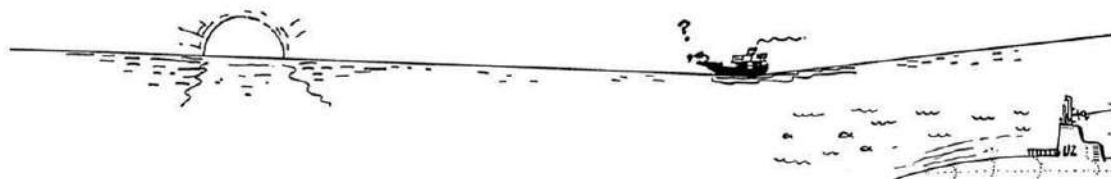
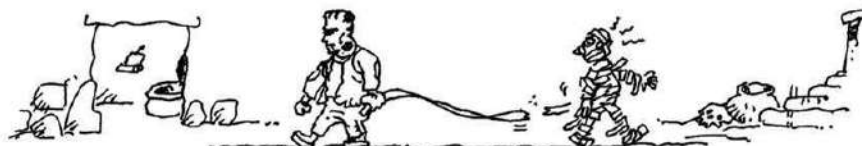
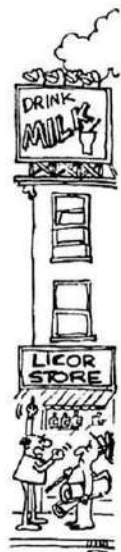


Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONES





THE FANTASTIC FOUR YEARS DEPT.

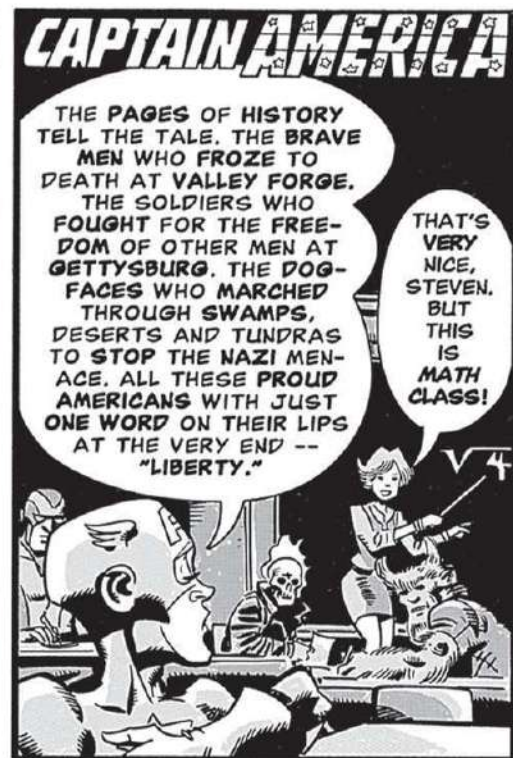
WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST JOE STATON

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SAVE THE GALAXY FROM MANIACAL EVILDOERS AND THEIR SENSES-SHATTERING DEATH PLOTS WITHOUT A PROPER, SOLID EDUCATION. THE KIND OF EDUCATION PROVIDED AT...

SUPERHERO HIGH



NOTE TO COMIC BOOK GEEKS EVERYWHERE:
FOR THE SAKE OF BUYING INTO THE PREMISE OF THIS ARTICLE, PLEASE SUSPEND ALL OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EARLY YEARS OF YOUR FAVORITE SUPERHEROES IN THEIR RESPECTIVE UNIVERSES. WE KNOW THAT THIS SCHOOL COULDN'T POSSIBLY EXIST AND THAT WE'RE MIXING UP TIME, CHARACTERS AND COMIC BOOK LOGIC. WE KNOW! BUT SINCE THEY'RE ALL FICTIONAL CHARACTERS ANYWAY, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER NOW, DOES IT? OKAY, SO DON'T WRITE US TO WHINE AND COMPLAIN. JUST LEAVE US ALONE AND PLEASE GET A LIFE!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #340, OCT/NOV 1995

JUDGE DREDD



Mr. Fantastic



AHEM! EYES
ON YOUR
OWN PAPER,
PLEASE!

IRON-MAN



WHY IS IT
ALWAYS,
ALWAYS,
ALWAYS
ON MY
SHIFT?

DOCTOR STRANGE

I CALL UPON THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGARTH -- O, ANCIENT AURIC WRAITHS! O, YE ELDRITCH SUCCUBI! HEED MY INCANTATION! BY THE FLAMES OF FALTUU, INFUSE MY OBI! THUS SPEAKS STRANGE!



MAYBE THIS SCHOOL
PRAYER THING ISN'T
SUCH A HOT IDEA!

GREEN LANTERN

YOU DOPEHEADS CAN'T
FOOL ME!
THIS IS SOME KIND OF A BONG,
ISN'T IT!



HE MIGHT NOT BE THE
SHARPEST TOOL IN THE
SHED, BUT I'VE NEVER
SEEN A BETTER STUDENT
IN SHOP CLASS!



THOR

CONAN

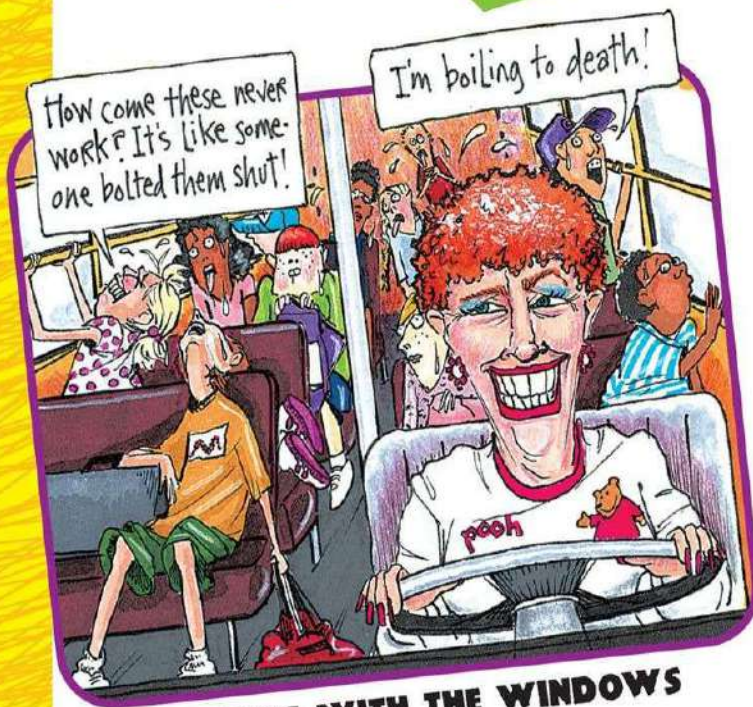
THE BARBARIAN

THAT'S THE THIRD CLASSMATE
YOU'VE DECAPITATED THIS
TERM! YOU WON'T BE GETTING
THIS BACK UNTIL YOU'VE SHOWN
YOU CAN LEARN TO WORK COOPERATIVELY!

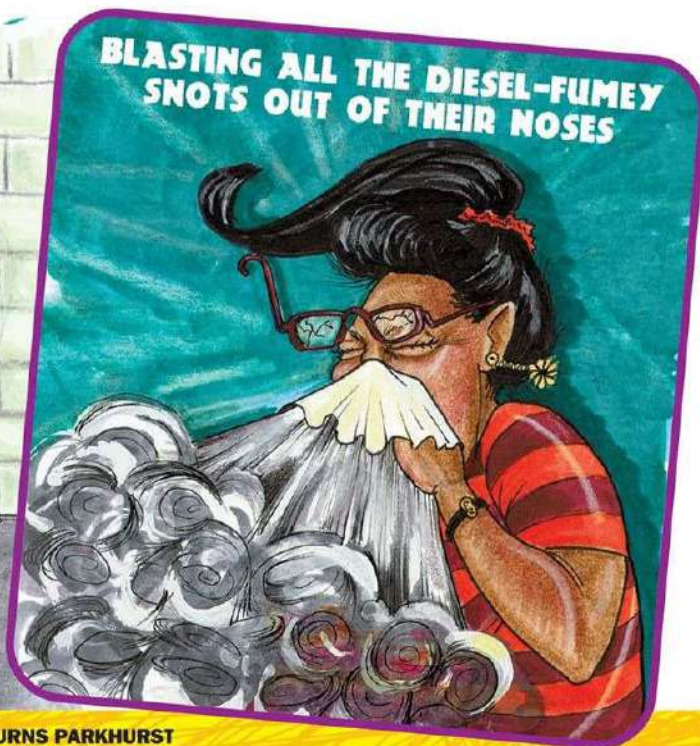
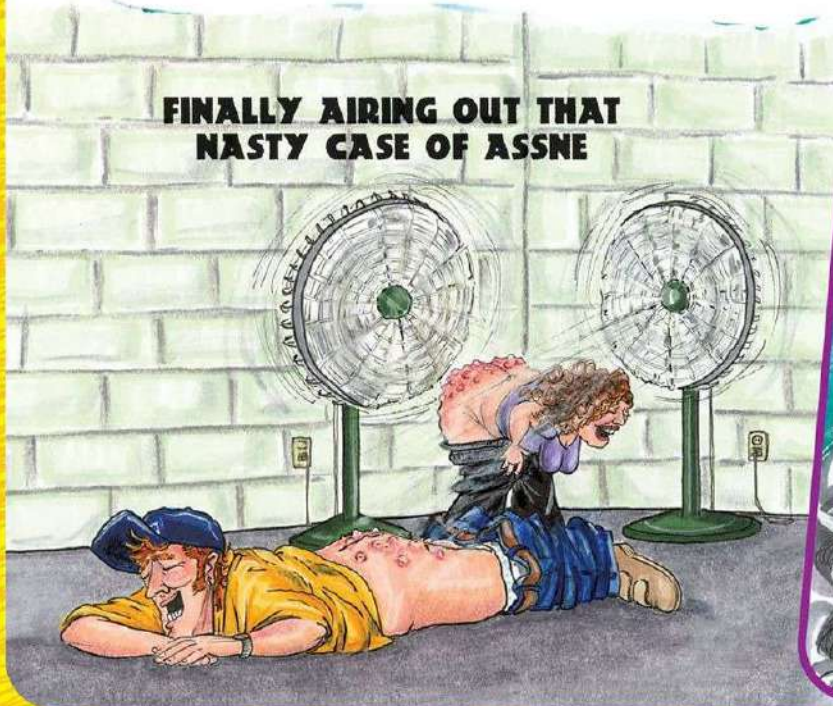




What School Bus Drivers are Doing While You're in Class!

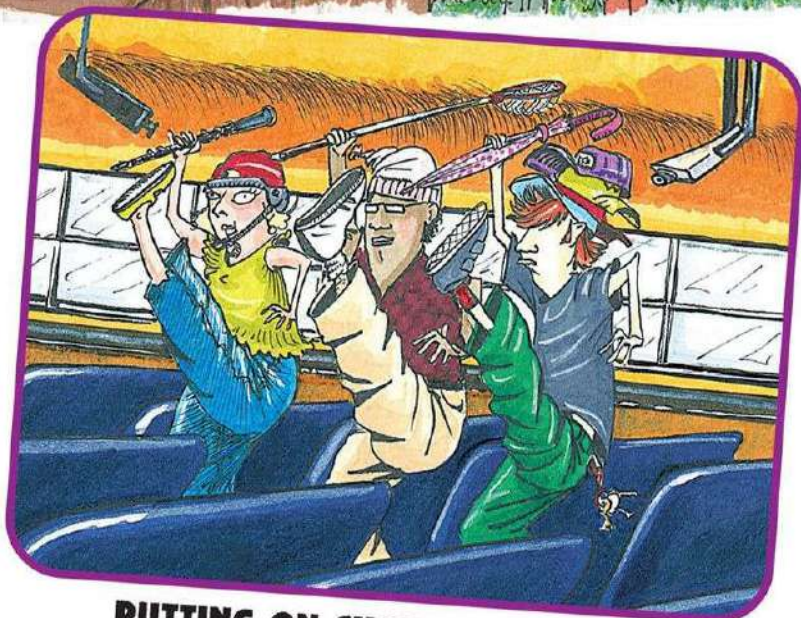


MESSING WITH THE WINDOWS

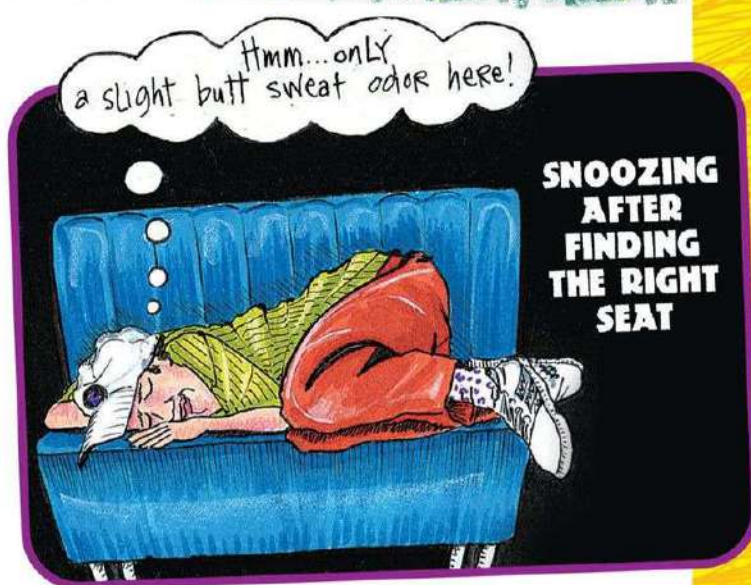




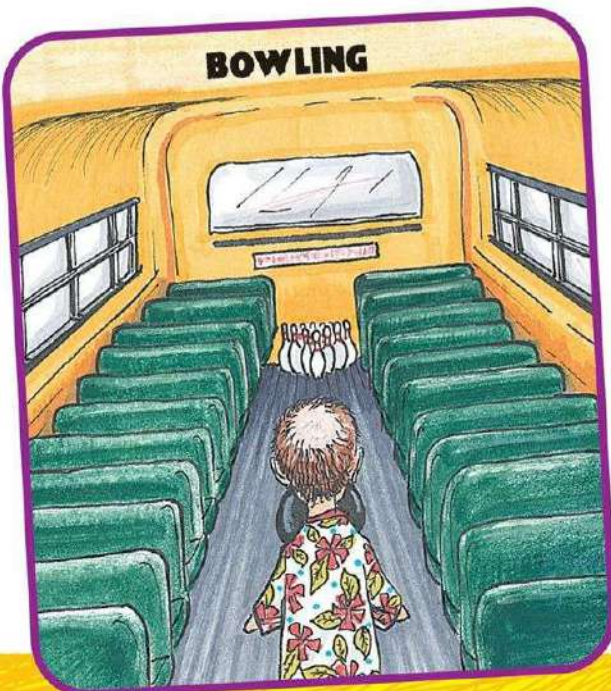
**HAVING MONSTER
BUS STUNT
COMPETITIONS**



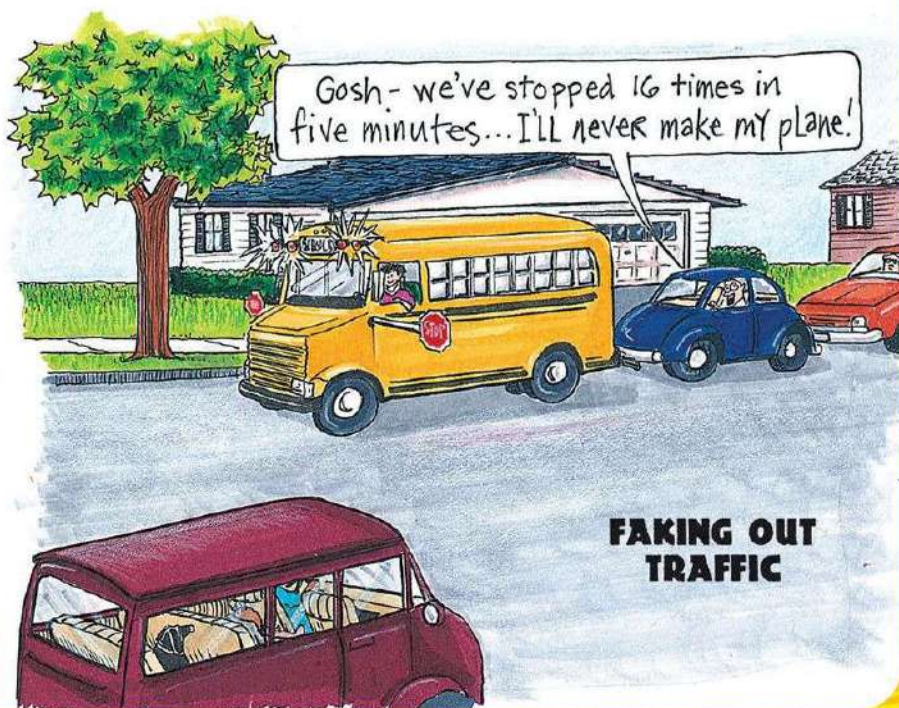
**PUTTING ON SHOWS FOR THE
ON-BUS SECURITY CAMERAS**



**SNOOZING
AFTER
FINDING
THE RIGHT
SEAT**



BOWLING

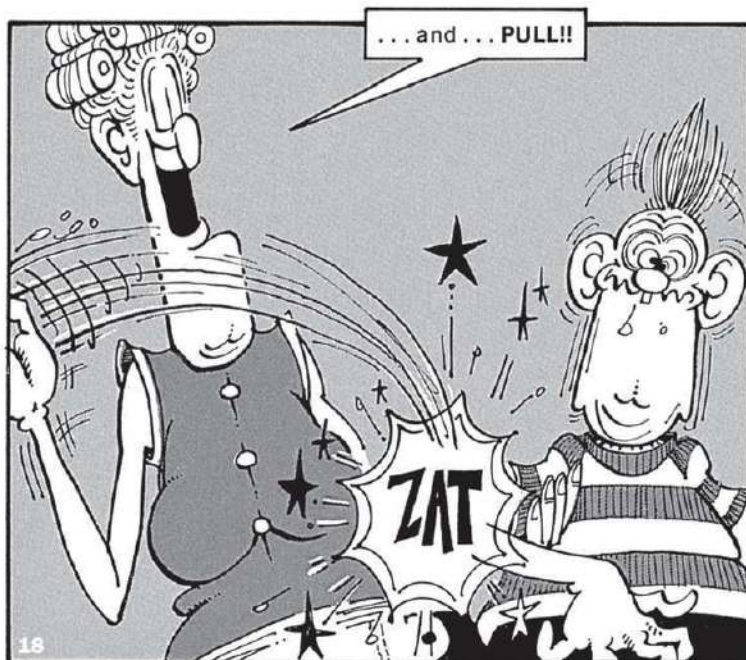
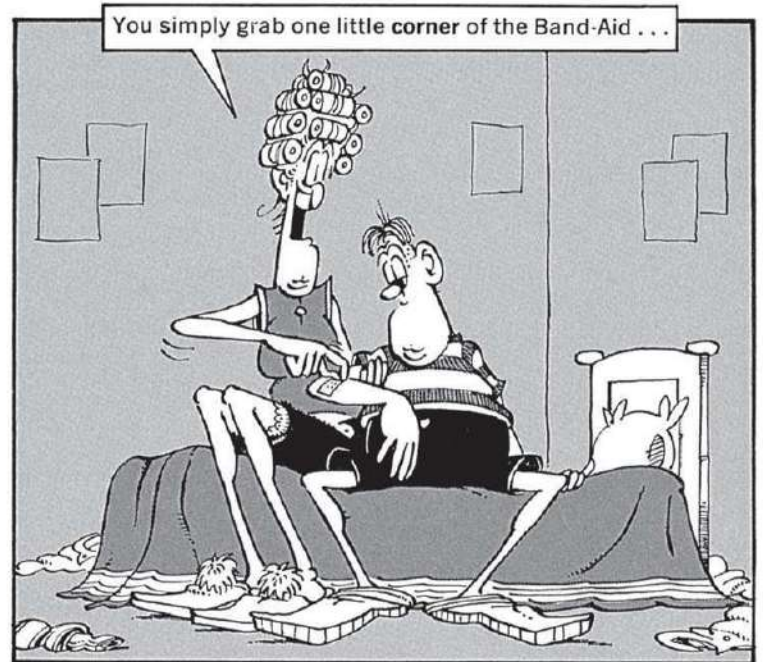


**FAKING OUT
TRAFFIC**



ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL

WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #167, JUN 1974

CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT"!...OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAVED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

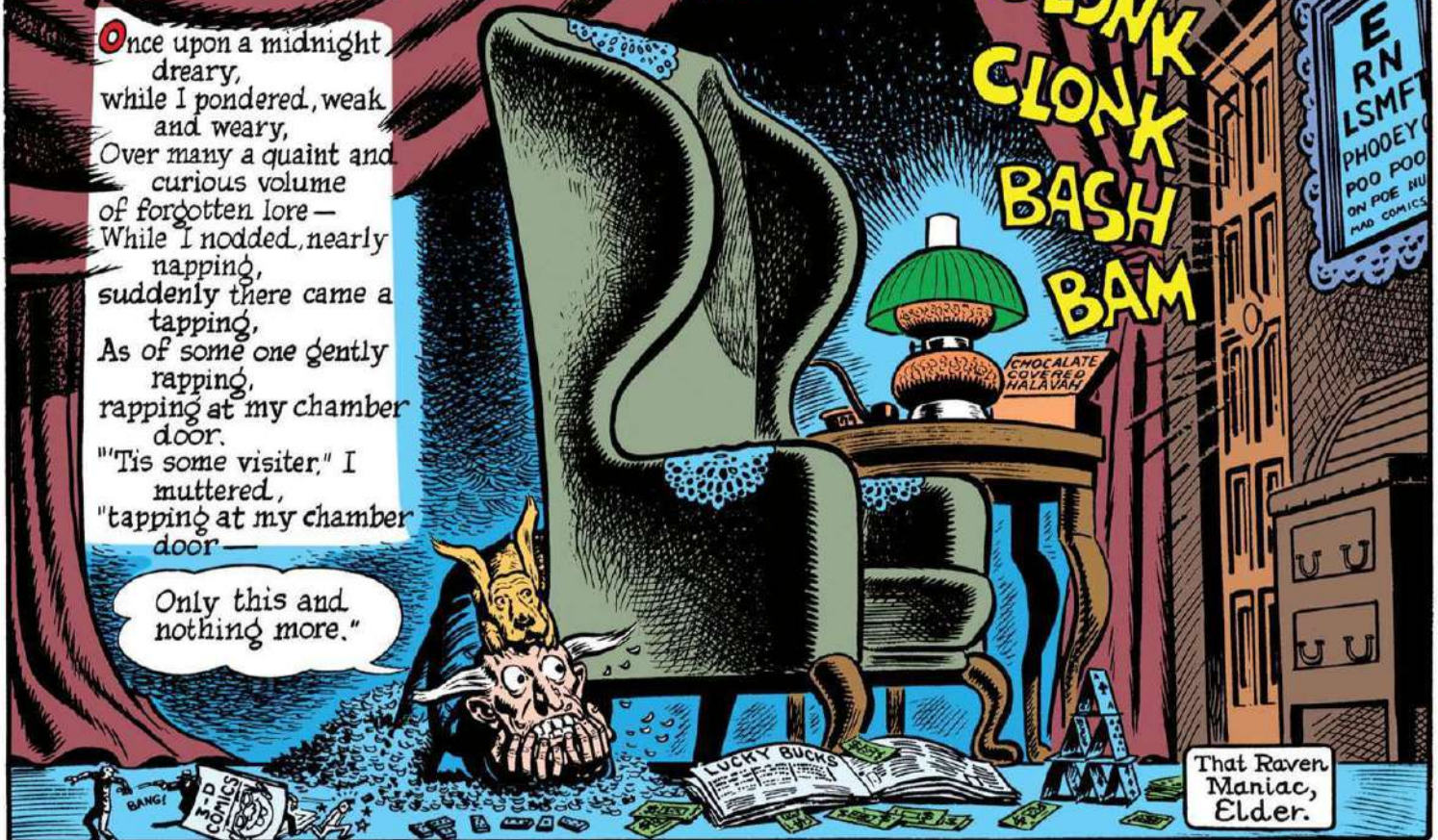
THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE TRY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and
curious volume
of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly
napping,
suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently
rapping,
rapping at my chamber
door.
"Tis some visitor," I
muttered,
"tapping at my chamber
door —"

Only this and
nothing more."

CLOONK
CLOONK
BASH
BAM



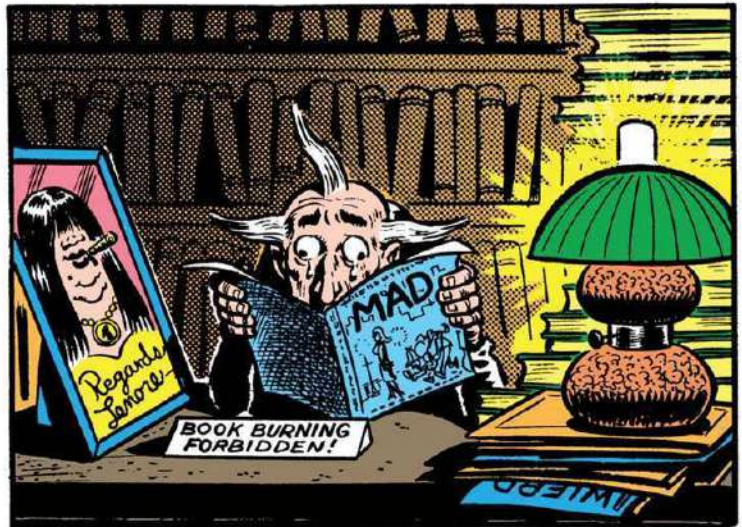
That Raven
Maniac,
Elder.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Nameless **here** for evermore.

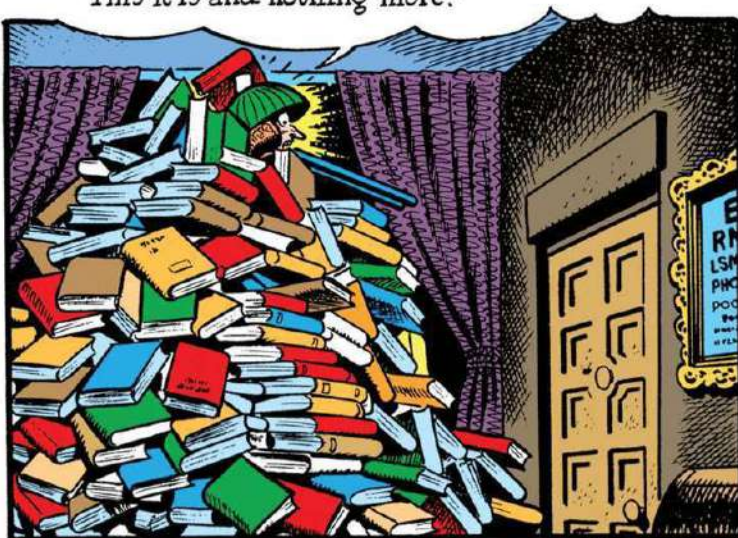


And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

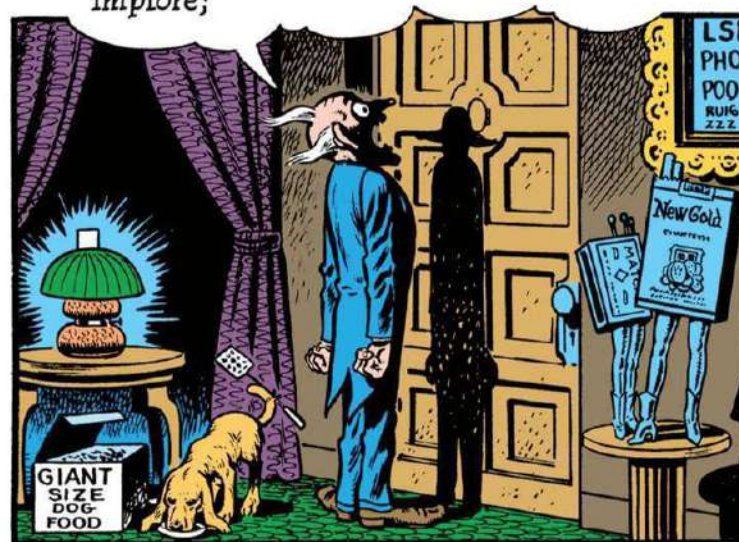


"Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

This it is and nothing more."



Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer;
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;



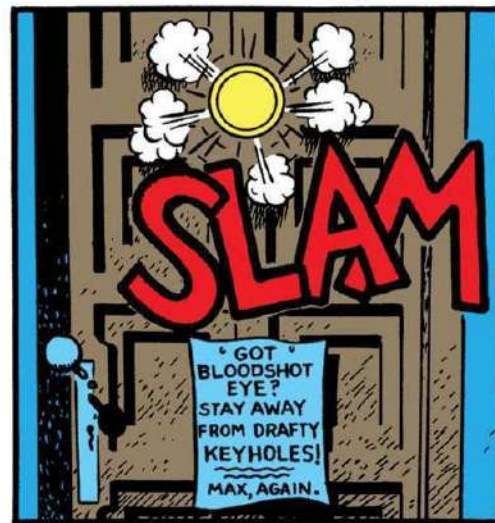
But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,



That I scarce was sure I heard you"— here I
opened wide the door;—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,



And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?" Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!" Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely, said I, 'surely that is something at my window
lattice;

Merely this and nothing more.



Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"



Open here I flung the shutter; when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;



But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just **above** my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,



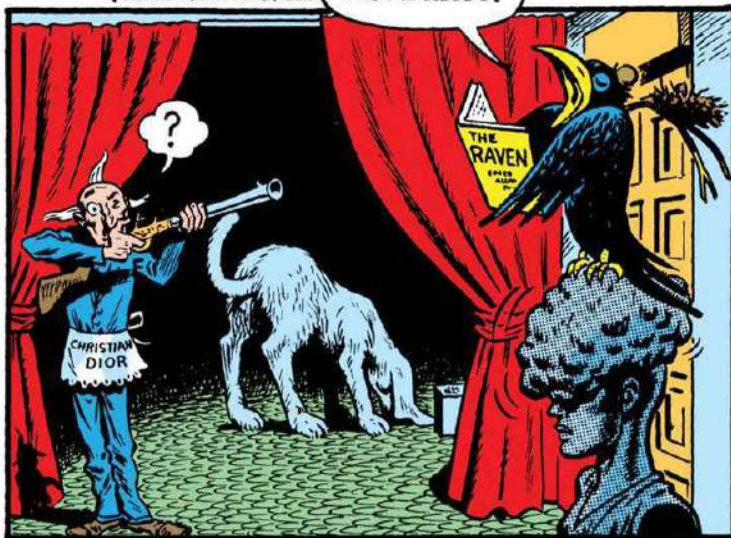
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
 "art sure no craven.
 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
 the Nightly shore—



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
 discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

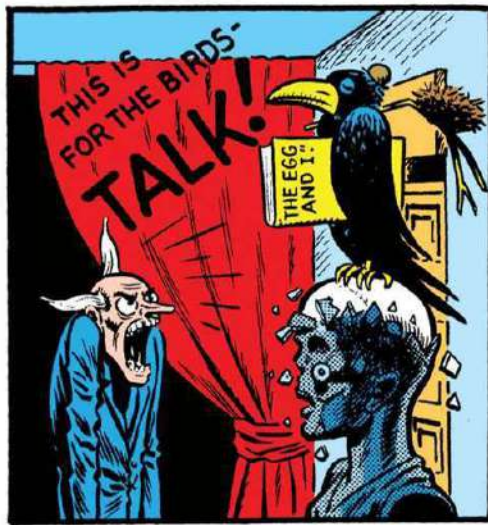
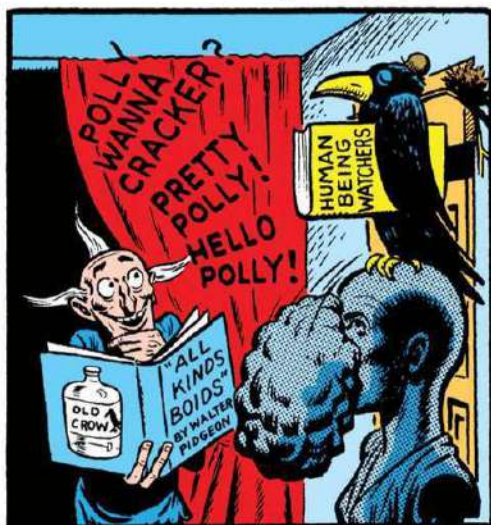
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
 Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

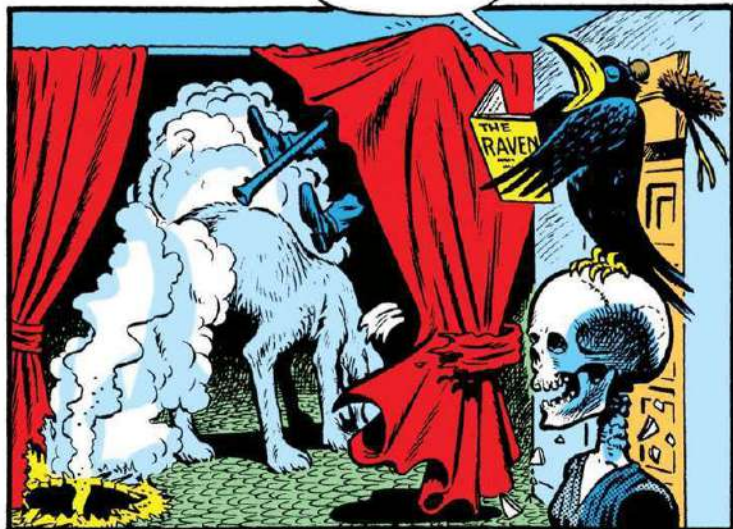
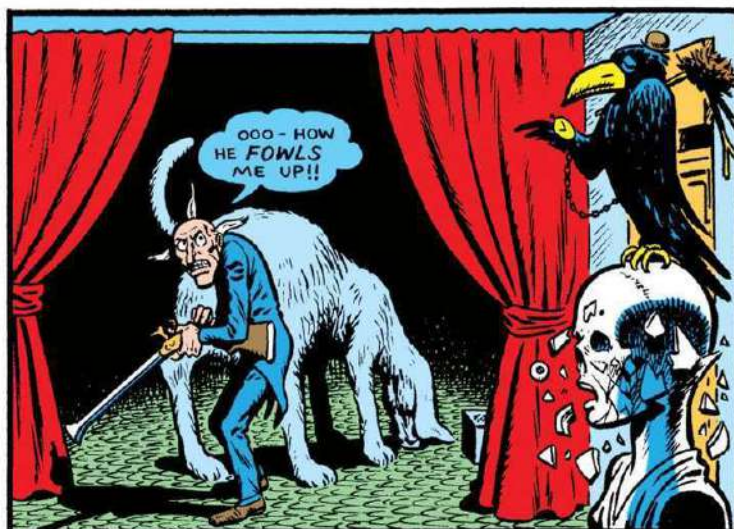
With such name as "Nevermore."



But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then
 he fluttered—

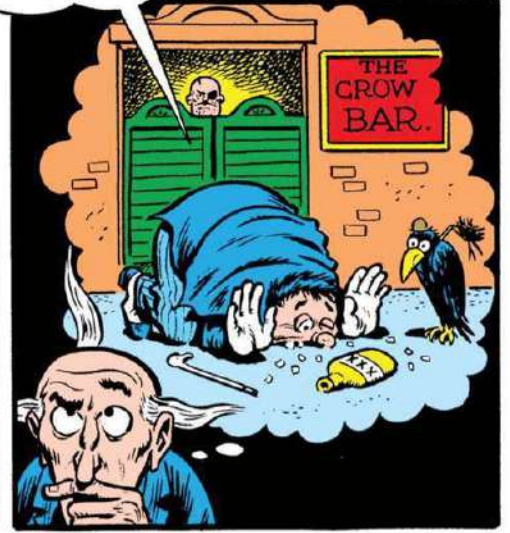
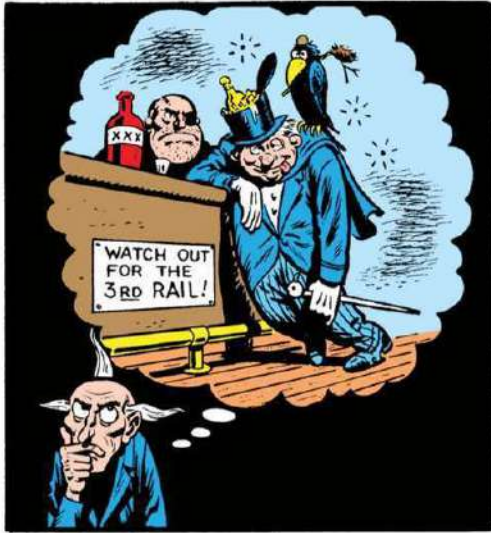
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow he will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said ("Nevermore!")



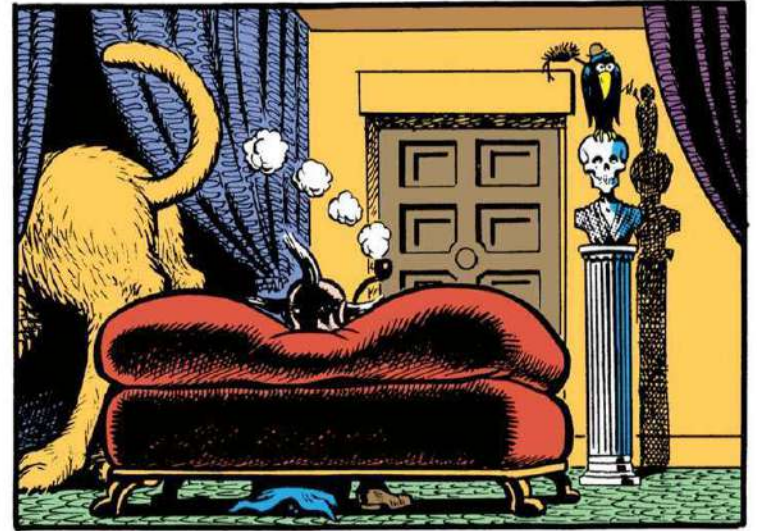
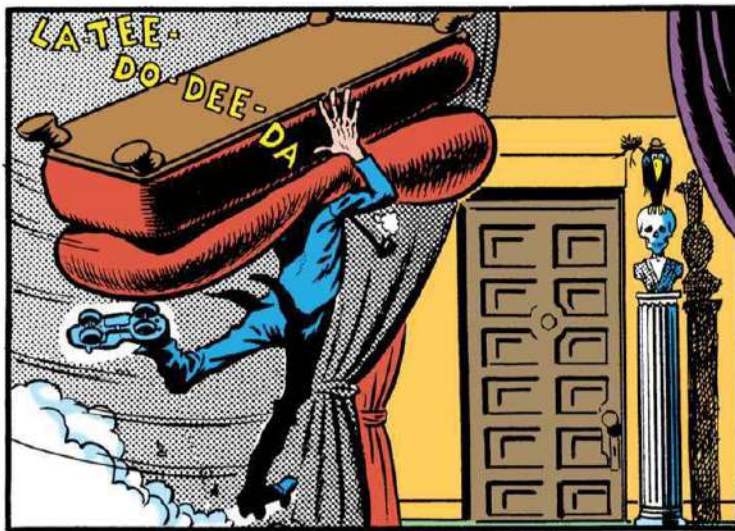
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
 and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never - Nevermore.'"



But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
 and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore —

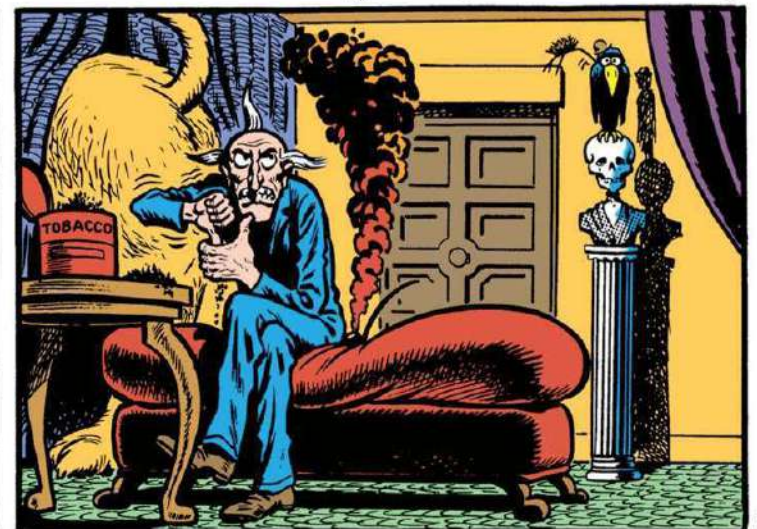


What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore

This I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core;

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining



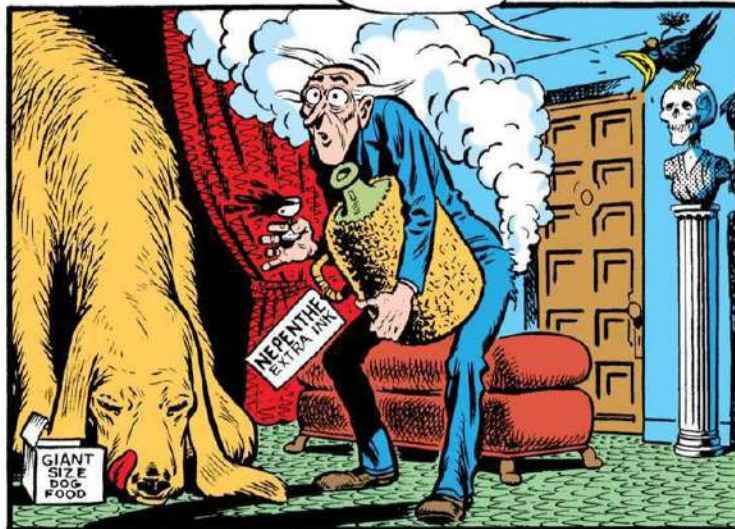
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!



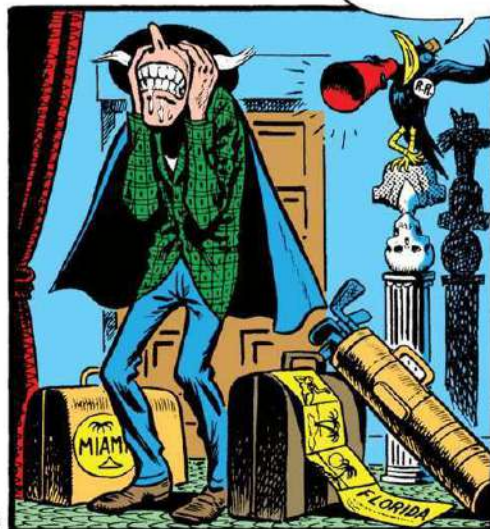
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—**is** there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the **tufted floor**.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee



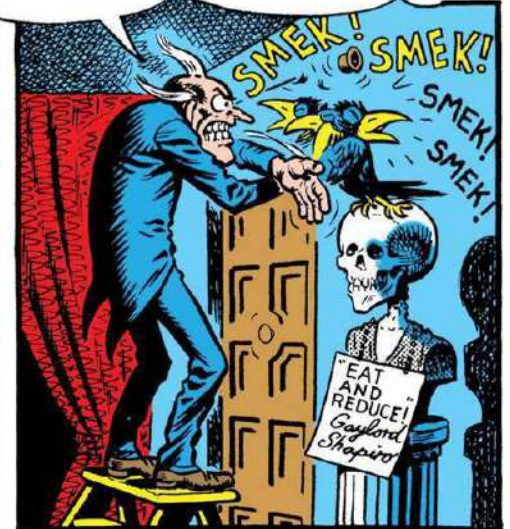
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—



"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

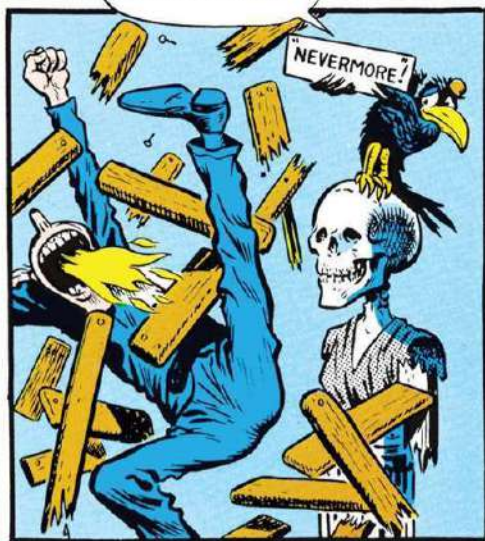
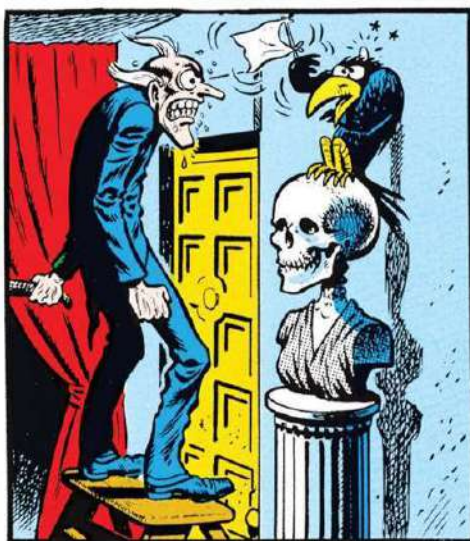
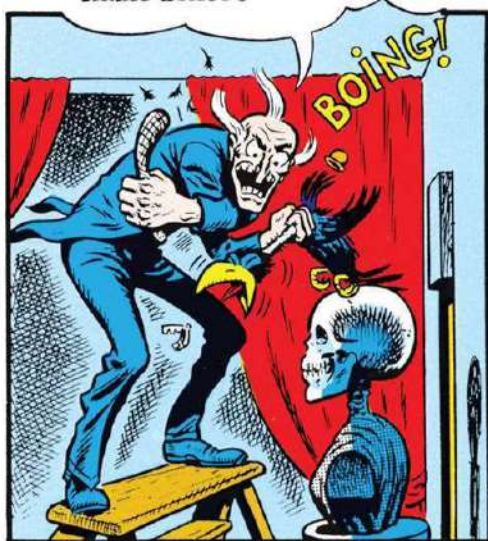
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—



Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

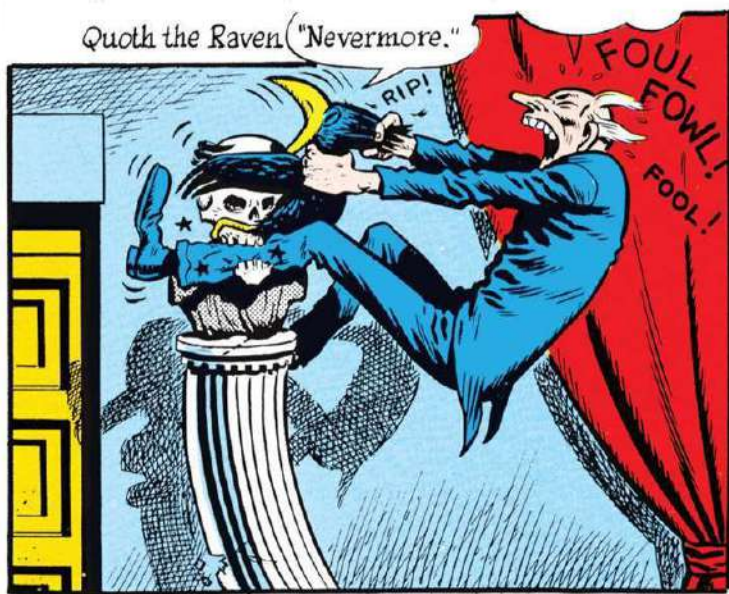
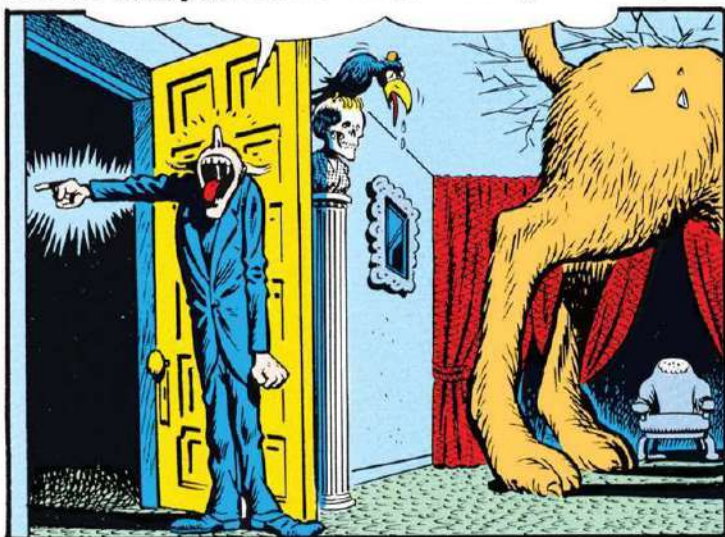
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

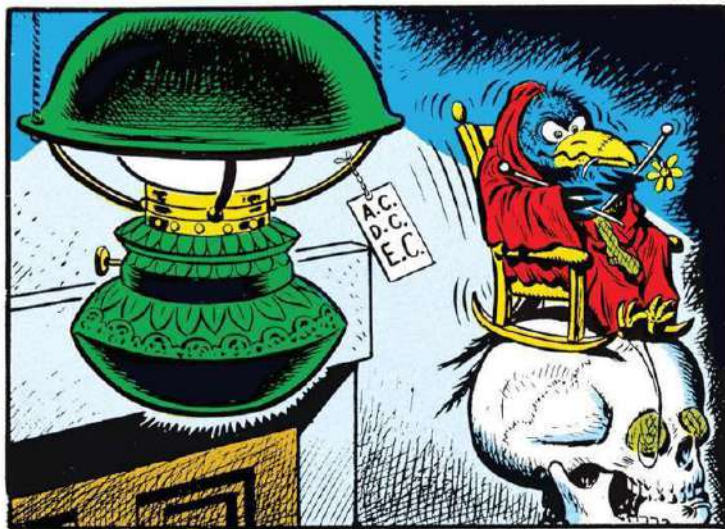
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



And the Raven, Never flitting, still is sitting, **still** is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!

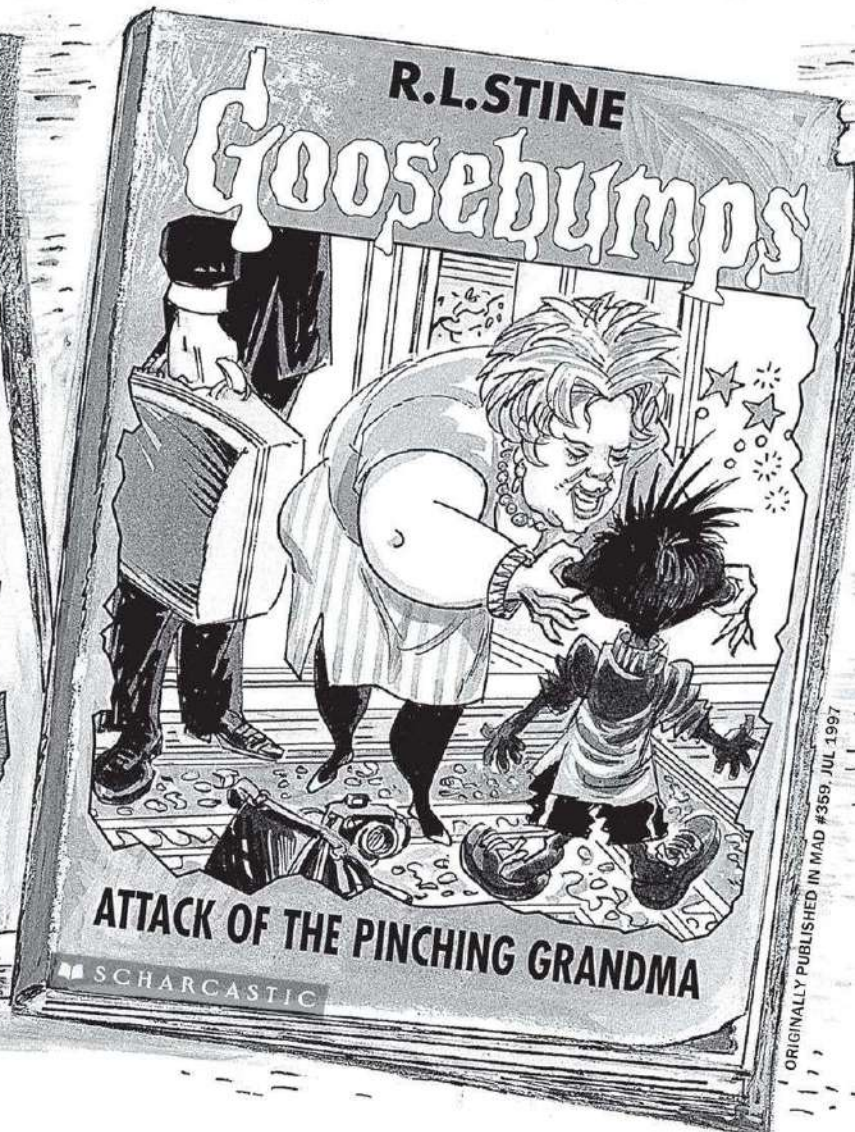
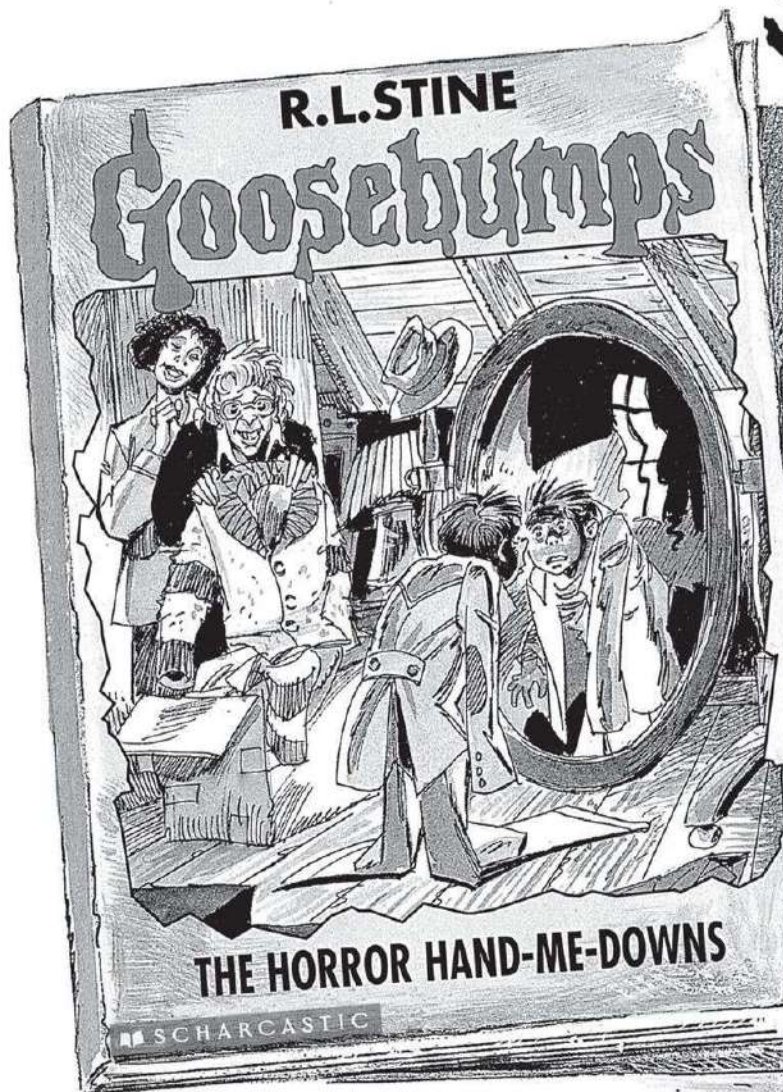


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #9, MAR 1954



R.L. Stine's series of Goosebumps books is supposed to scare kids with tales of werewolves and monsters. These things aren't very scary, however, when compared to a youngster's real life! Perhaps Mr. Stine should write some stories that are truly terrifying, like these...

GOOSEBUMPS HORROR STORIES THAT WOULD REALLY SCARE KIDS



WRITER **DARREN JOHNSON** ARTIST **JOE ORLANDO**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #369, JUL 1997

R.L.STINE

Goosebumps



ESCAPE FROM UNCLE BILL'S LAP

SCHARCASTIC

R.L.STINE

Goosebumps

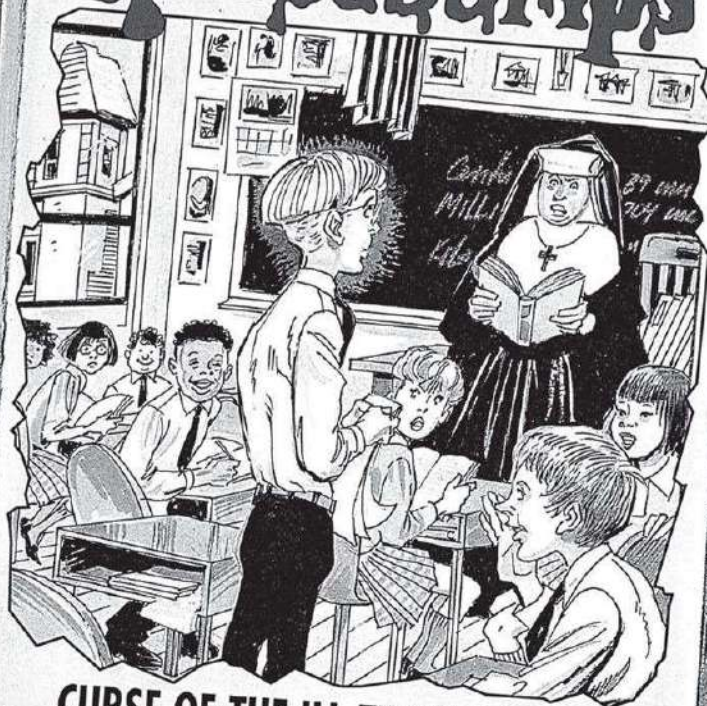


THE STRANGE NOISES IN MOMMY AND DADDY'S ROOM

SCHARCASTIC

R.L.STINE

Goosebumps



CURSE OF THE ILL-TIMED WOODY

SCHARCASTIC

R.L.STINE

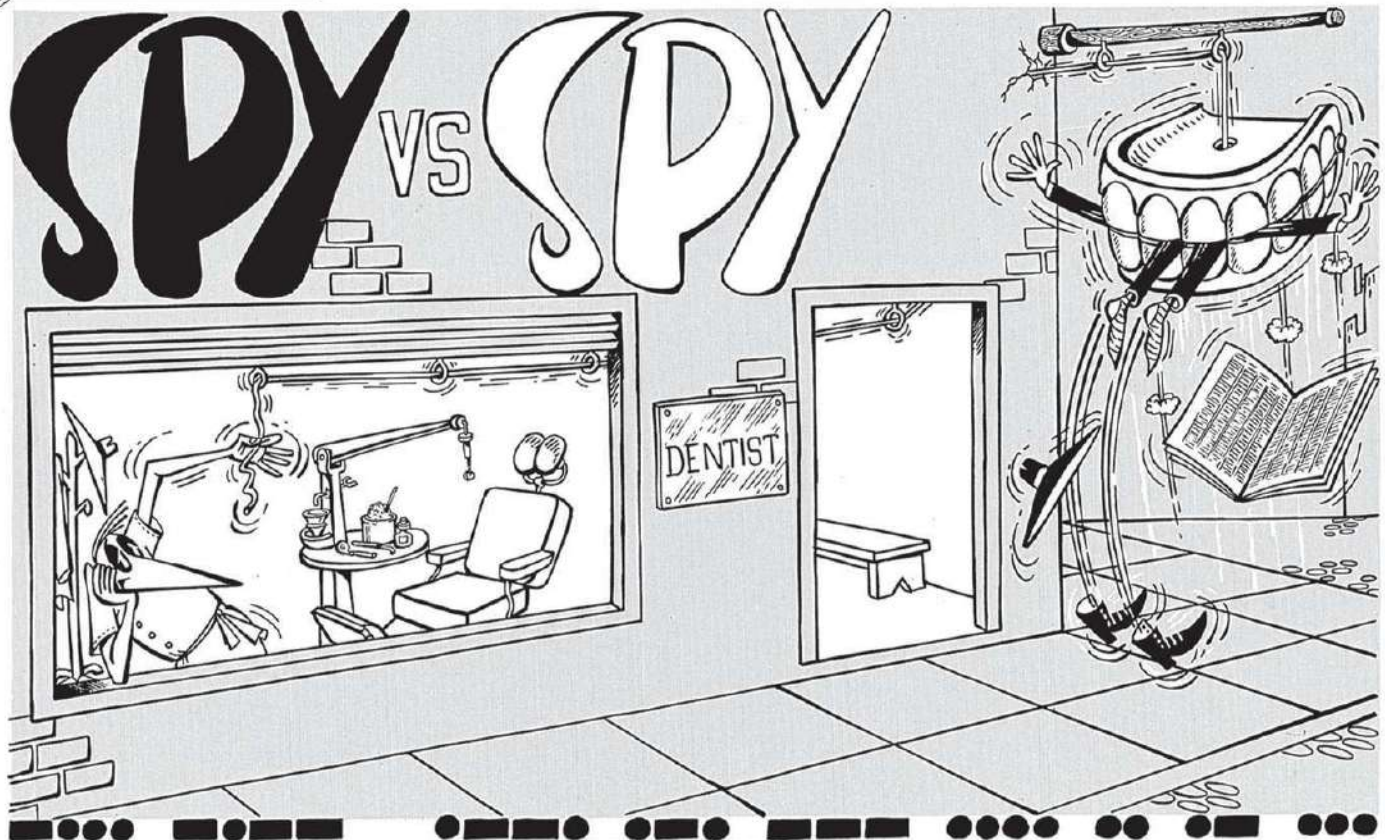
Goosebumps



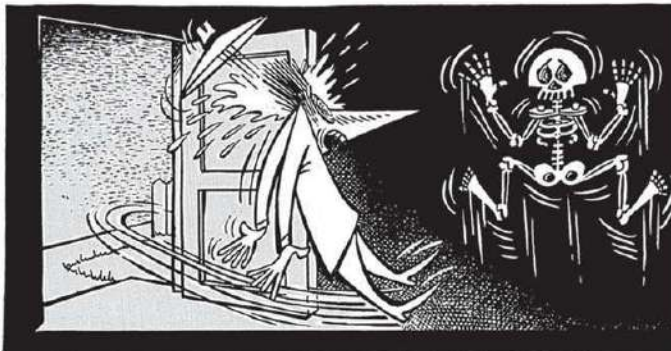
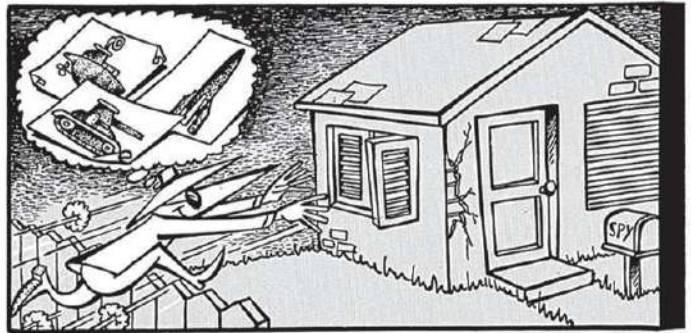
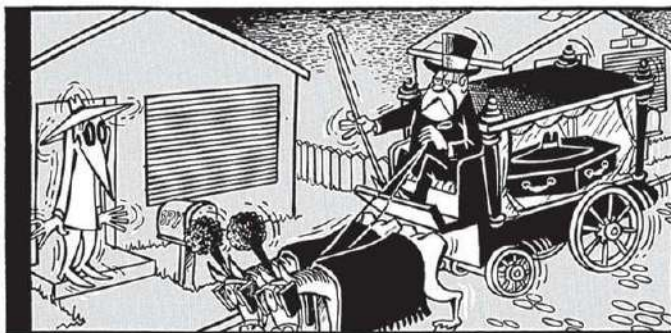
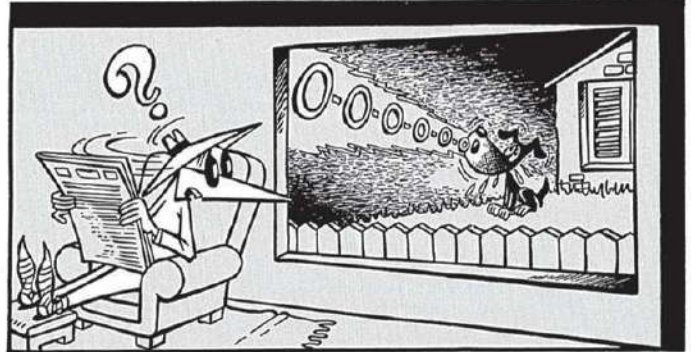
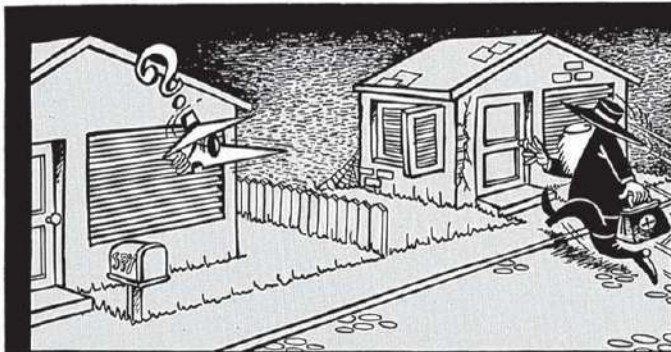
THE DAY THE CABLE WENT OUT

SCHARCASTIC





WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #102, APR 1966



Every year, Academy Awards are presented to the best actors and actresses in the Motion Picture Industry. But what about all the other industries where "acting" is important? Like for instance those real-life performances that take place every day in our schools! We think it's about time that the actors and actresses in our Educational System were given the recognition that is due them! Here we go with:

ACADEMY AWARDS FOR TEACHERS

WRITER LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Welcome... to the fabulously plush "Teachers' Lounge" of the scandalously constructed Alfred E. Neuman High School... where all of the greats and near-greats of Education are gathered to witness the "First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Teaching"!

Incidentally, the "Teachers' Lounge" is the favorite room of the faculty members of any typical High School! Here is where they can relax, light up a cigarette, puff a joint, down a drink or whatever! In other words, it's the **only** place in the school where the Teachers can enjoy the same privileges as the students!

Tonight, the winners in each category will receive this coveted gold statue, the "Edward," named after the Mayor of The Big Apple, who, in solving a recent financial crisis, put the Teaching Profession in its proper perspective! Mr. Koch, in his infinite wisdom, decided against laying off Sanitation Workers... and instead, fired 1800 Teachers!!

Oh-oh! The house lights have dimmed, so let's get it on...!



The first category is for Best Performance in "CLASSROOM DISCIPLINE"! And the first nominee is Alvin Spritz for his stirring, "I'm An Adult! I Should Be Able To Cope With A Bunch Of Kids!"



The second nominee is Ms. Marlene Mildew for her fine rendition of, "I'll Send You To The Principal!"

How do you DO it, Spritz?!! What's your secret? Why, your kids are actually quiet! and they're WORKING!!

I'm a grown man with two degrees! So I certainly should be able to handle a bunch of KIDS! I used PSYCHOLOGY on them! I picked out the biggest, the meanest kid in the class, Rocco Barbello...

Don't tell me you beat him up?!!

Me?! Beat him up?! No way!! I paid him to keep the others in line! Anybody gives me trouble, they've got to deal with Rocco after school!



I've solved the discipline problem in my classes! If any of my students get out of line or give me a hard time, I threaten to send 'em down to the Principal!

You mean to tell me that actually SCARES the kids?

No but it terrorizes the Principal!

He doesn't want any of those monsters hanging out in his office, so he doesn't put any unruly kids in my classes!



And the winner is Mr. Matthew Frankfurter for his heart-rending interpretation of "It's A Jungle In There!"...

Congratulations, Mr. Frankfurter! Here's your "Edward"! I guess it's pretty rough dealing with High School kids these days!

What High School kids?! I teach **SECOND GRADE!**

I'm sorry, Sir! I refuse to teach in that animal house!! If—if I go back in there, I swear I'm gonna be **KILLED!!**

They're only children, Frankfurter! Didn't they teach you how to handle a few wild kids?!

I'm afraid not! At the college I went to, they didn't offer us courses in Kung Fu and Karate!!



The next category is for Best Performance in a "TEACHERS' STRIKE"! And the first nominee is Ms. Zelda Hornhonker for her magnificent portrayal of "Striking Is The American Way!"

The second nominee is Mr. Kenneth Klutz for his touching and convincing performance in "The Public Is Behind Us 100%!"

You **KNOW** that it's against the law for Teachers to strike! And besides, you're setting a bad example for your students!

Nonsense!! We're actually showing them how Americans have **ALWAYS** dealt with unfair and unjust working conditions... by resorting to their Constitutional right of peaceful protest!

Right on, Ms. Hornhonker! And when you're back at work, **WE'RE** gonna follow your example... and go out on strike against homework!

Listen...the public is behind this strike **100%**!

Let's see! How do you feel about strikes by employees of an essential industry?

It's the **worst** thing that can happen!

In your opinion, then, the Teachers should not be on strike?!

Teachers?!? Are them bums striking? I thought you were talking about **Pro Football Players!!**



And the winner is Mrs. Mildred Schmerz for her, "We're Not In This For Any Personal Gain! We're Doing It For The Children!"

Congratulations, Mrs. Schmerz, not only for winning this "Edward", but for winning a pay increase with your controversial strike!

Big deal! They gave us a few dollars more... and then they increased the sizes of our classes from 25 to 35! The raise won't even keep us in the extra aspirin we'll need!

We're not doing this for **OURSELVES!** We're doing it because adequately-paid Teachers will mean that your children will get a decent education!

Hah! You people are **ALREADY** overpaid! Hell, you only work a six hour day!!

ONLY six hours?! Listen, Mister... when was the last time **YOU** spent a six hour day with **YOUR** rotten kid?!



The next category is "THE REWARDS OF A TEACHING CAREER," and the first nominee is Mr. Sidney Gromitz for his splendid performance of "One Of The Great Thrills Of A Teaching Career Is Seeing Your Students Graduate And Go Out And Take Their Place In The World!"



The second nominee is Mr. Rodney Alan Dinklehoff for his excellent portrayal of "Teachers Don't Get No Respect!"

I always get choked up at Graduation!

Just think! These young people we've taught are going out into the real world! I especially like this year!

What's so special about THIS year?

Since Reagan was elected, things are tough out there! Now these clowns can't step right into high-paying jobs ...and then laugh at all us slobs barely making a living on our Teachers' salaries!!



No wonder the kids don't pay attention to me! The JANITOR gets more money than I do! Even the guy who delivers the MILK makes more than me!!

Then why don't YOU get a job as a janitor or a milkman???

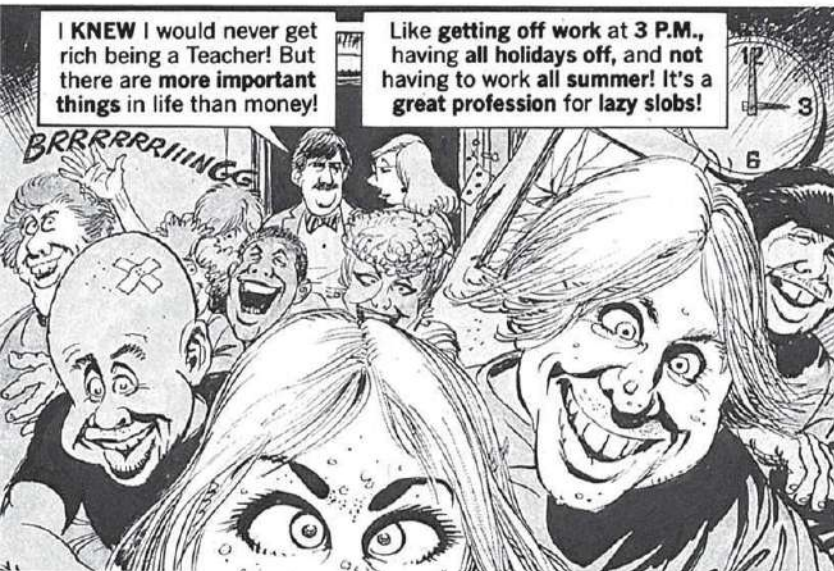
WHAT!?! And just THROW AWAY my six years of college?!



And the winner is Mr. Victor Briocche for his memorable performance in "I Didn't Go Into Teaching For Monetary Gain!"

I KNEW I would never get rich being a Teacher! But there are more important things in life than money!

Like getting off work at 3 P.M., having all holidays off, and not having to work all summer! It's a great profession for lazy slobs!



Unfortunately, Mr. Briocche couldn't be with us! But here to accept his award is one of his students!

Mr. Briocche couldn't be with us because today is Friday—and he always takes his sick leave on Fridays! That way, he can have a long week-end!



The next category is for Best Performance in "EXTRA DUTY ASSIGNMENTS," and the first nominee is Mr. Carl Cravitz for his touching interpretation of "We Must Obey The Rules!"



The second nominee is Mr. Francis Fungold for his inspiring "The Power Of Prayer!"

You boys are supposed to be in Class...not wandering around the halls! And since I'm on Hall Duty, I'm going to have to send a note home to your parents, Dimwitty! Sorry, but that's one of the Principal's rules, not mine!

Hey, that's not fair!! Aren't you gonna send a note home to GRUBER's parents?!!

There's another rule that goes... "Never send a note home if the student is BIGGER than the Teacher!" Sorry, but that's not one of the Principal's rules...it's MINE!!



Pardon me, Fungold!! I didn't know you were into RELIGION!

Actually, I'm not! I just found out that I've been assigned as the Cafeteria Monitor all next week... and I'm sure gonna need all the help I can get!!

Mind if I JOIN you?!? I'm Faculty Rep at the Basketball Game!!



And the winner is Miss Hester Primm for her heartwarming "Being A Chaperon At The Prom Is A Learning Experience!"

I really enjoy this job, chaperoning the School Prom! It's so...so **EDUCATIONAL**...watching these youngsters...the way they behave...and relate to one another!

Yeah! It's like taking a course at "Masters and Johnson"!!

Congratulations, Miss Primm! I'll bet being Chaperon took you back to **YOUR** School Prom!

Are you kidding?! **MY** School Prom was **never** like **THAT**! Which is why I'm volunteering to be Chaperon again **NEXT** year! I can't **WAIT**!!



The last category is for Best Performance in "PASSING OR FAILING STUDENTS," and the first nominee is Mr. Al Mulcher for his "It's Not My Fault! They Shouldn't Be In My Class!"



The second nominee is Mr. Robert Blinders for his inspired interpretation of "Good Test Scores Depend On The Right Teacher!"

I don't believe these exam papers! Why, half these kids can't even read!! They don't belong in this grade!!

Then why don't you **FLUNK** them!?!

Are you crazy?!? If I flunk them, they'll be **LEFT BACK**...and I'll have them in my class again **NEXT** year!

How do you do it, Bob? Your class scored **way** above the national average!!

It's all in the technique I use when I give an exam! I have a **very** special method!

What **IS** it, Man?!? What's the secret you use for getting such high test scores?

It's very simple! I look the other way when they **CHEAT**!



And the winner is Mr. Thomas Spittle for his outstanding work in "God Knows, I've Tried To Give You Kids A Break!"

I just don't understand what happened to you kids! I went over all this material in class! But the test results were **terrible**! So to be fair, I've graded you on a **CURVE**!

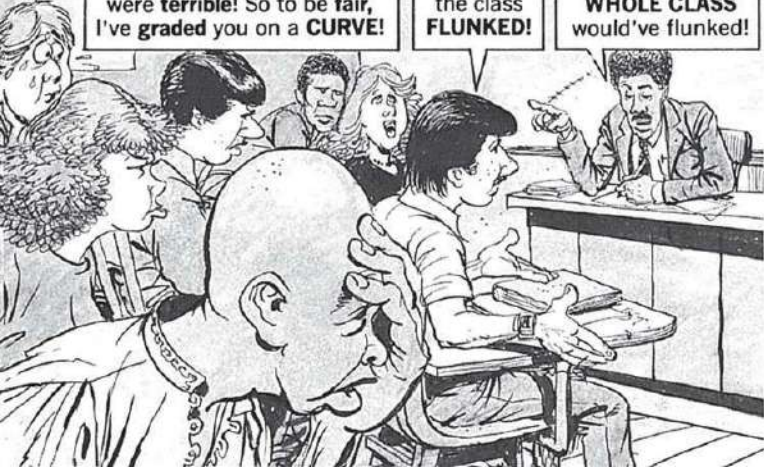
But... that means that **HALF** the class **FLUNKED**!

Don't complain!! If I'd graded you on a straight percentage, the **WHOLE CLASS** would've flunked!

Congratulations, Mr. Spittle... and I think it was really nice of you to grade on a curve and help half your class to pass!

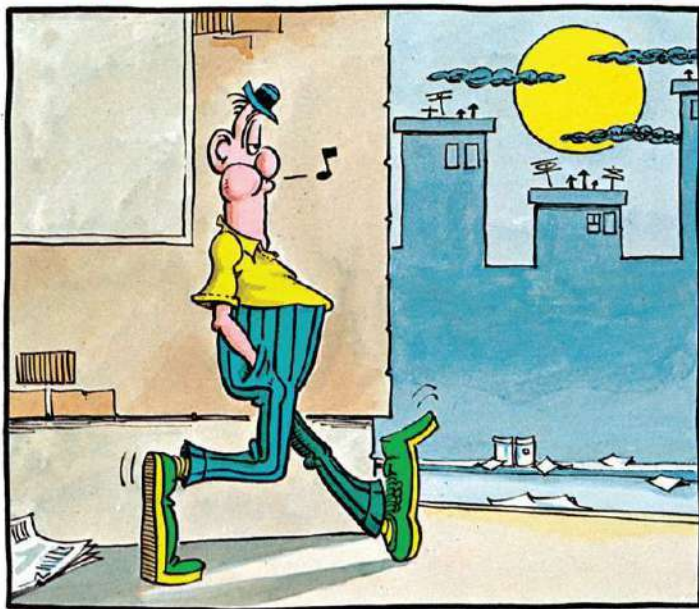
I didn't do it for them! I did it for **ME**! How would it look on my record if my **WHOLE CLASS** flunked an exam?

That's our Academy Awards Show! A wise man once said, "Those who can, **DO**! Those who can't, **TEACH**! And those who can't even **TEACH** become School Principals!" G'night!

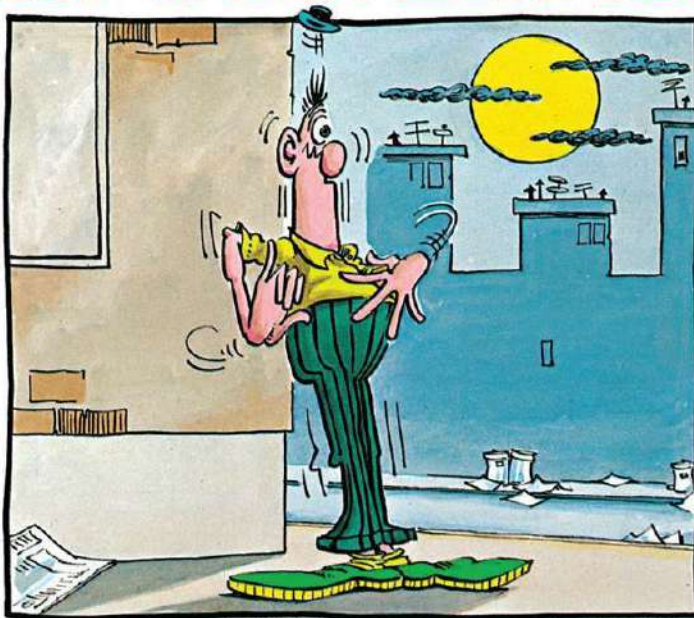




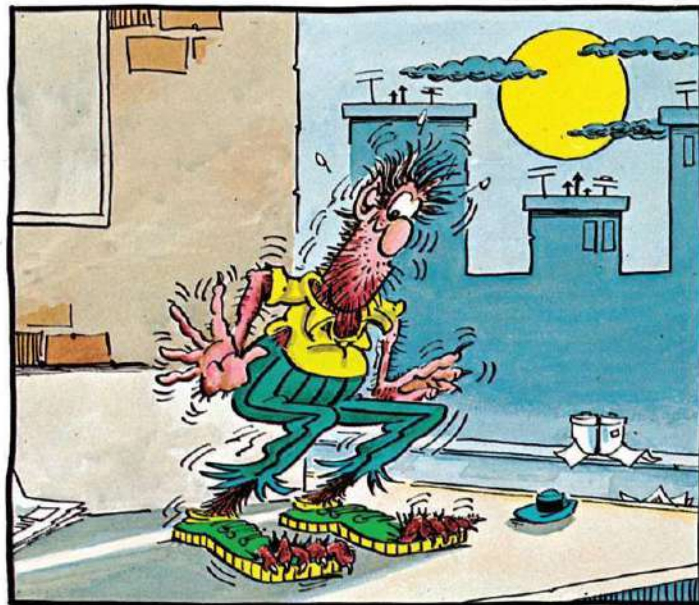
ONE MIDNIGHT IN WOLVERTON



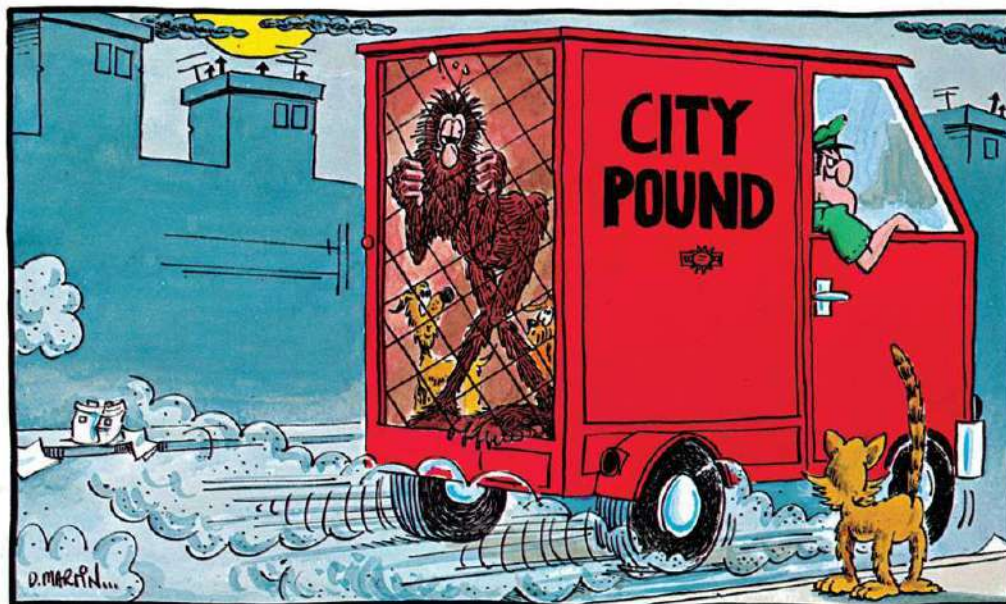
WRITER DUCK EDWING



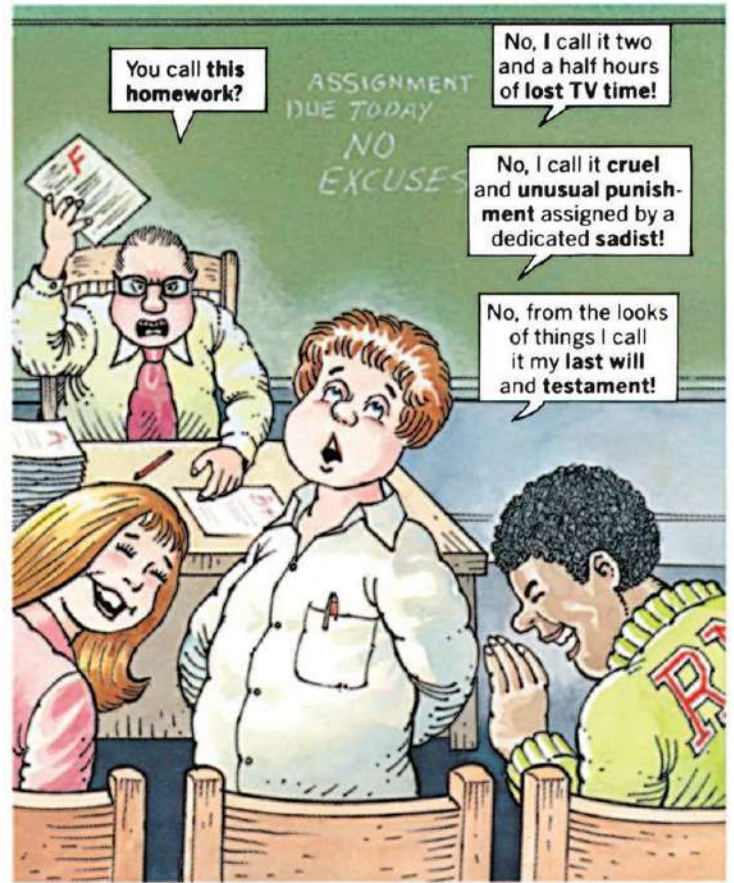
ARTIST DON MARTIN



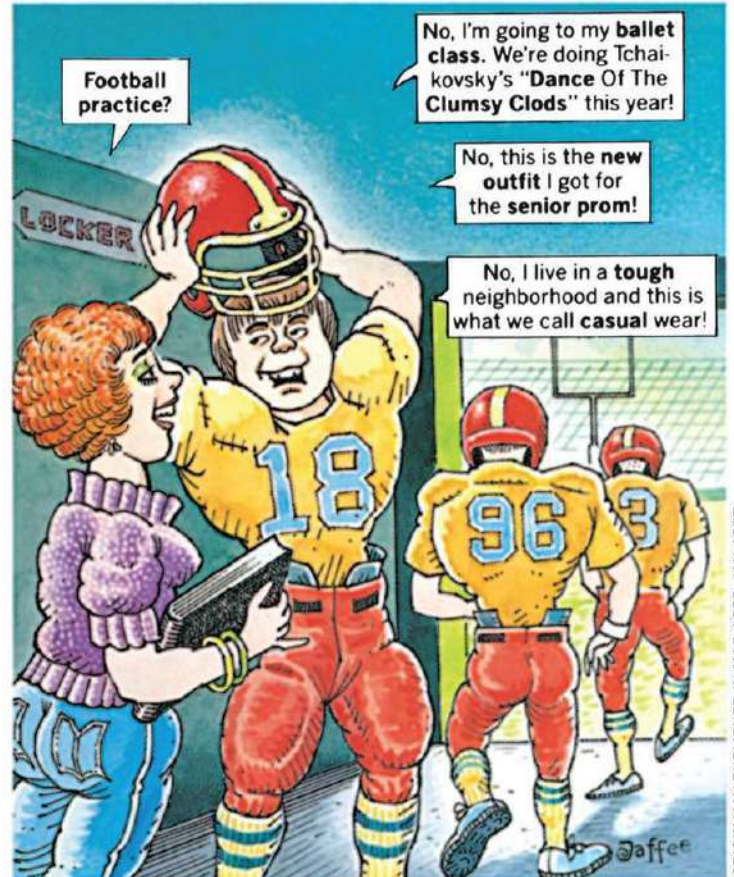
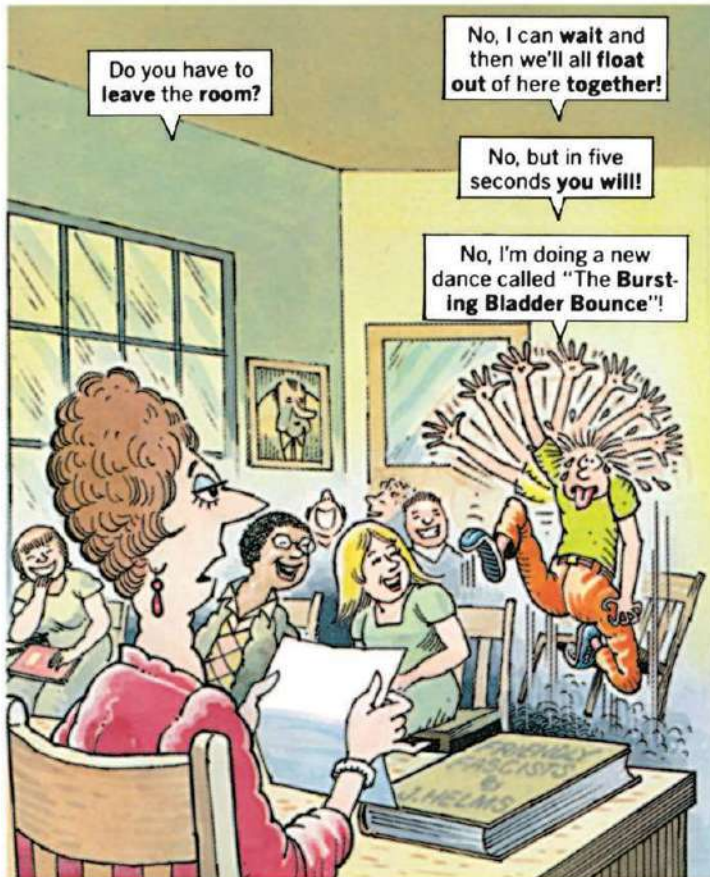
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #207, JUN 1979



SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS AT HARRY KEISTER HIGH

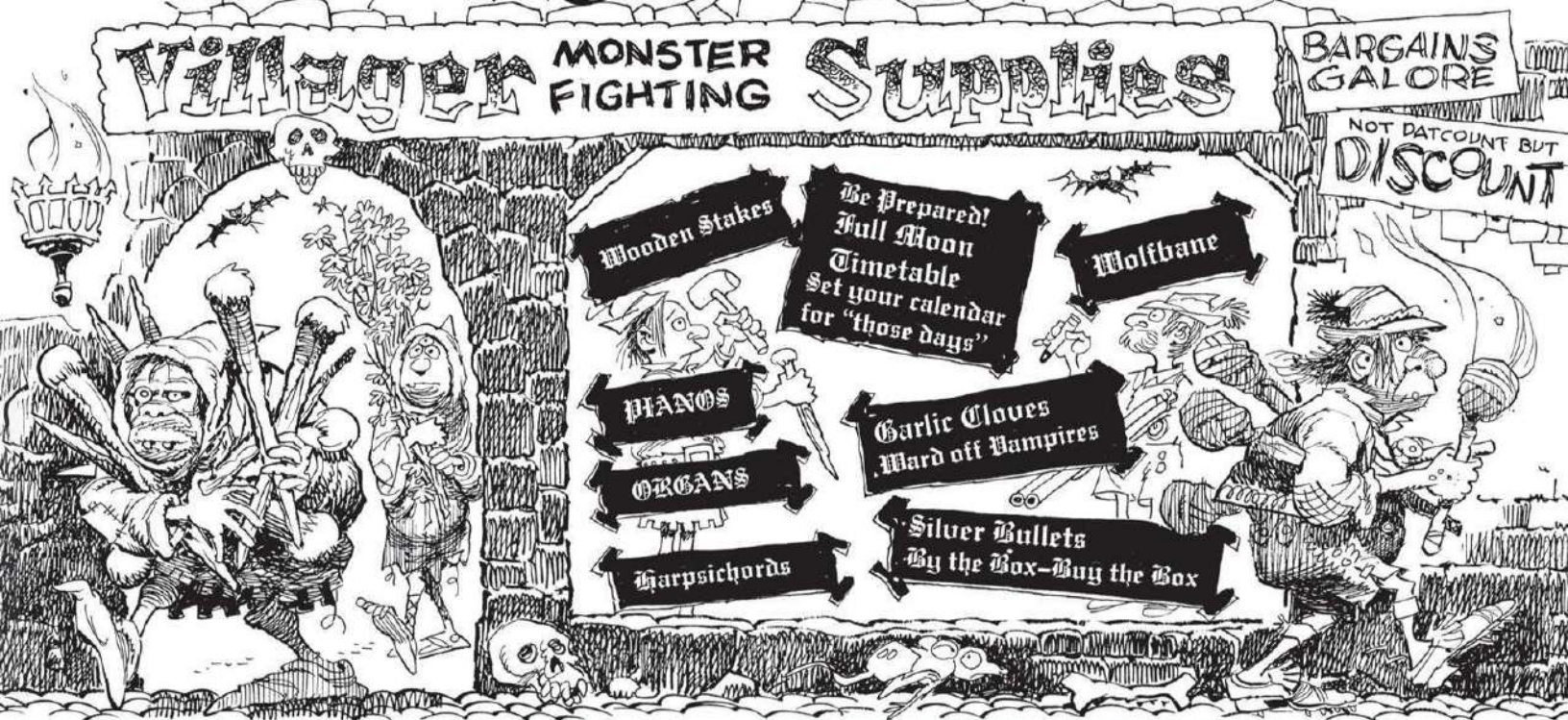


WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE





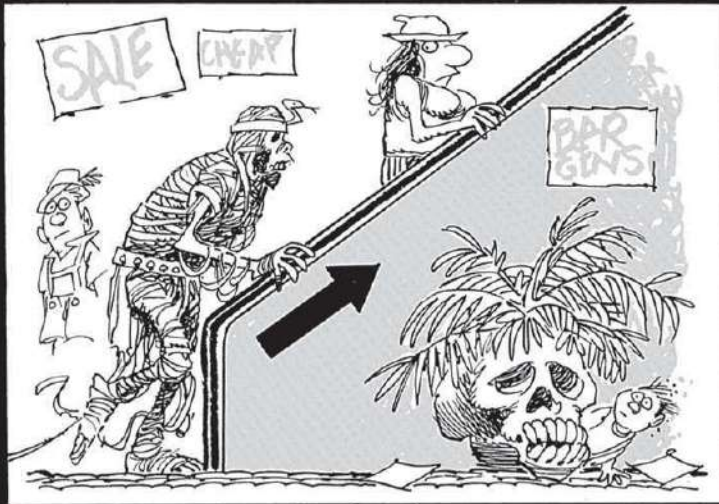
MAD PRESENTS Selected Scenes FROM THE Transylvania Mall



WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST JACK DAVIS









WHAT A GORE DEPT.

Brian Posehn here, warning you to sharpen your coat hangers because Michael Myers and his creepy Shatner mask are back and ready to get stabby! Lots has changed since Michael first made us soil ourselves in 1978 (Jamie Lee Curtis now recommends Activia to help with that). Let's see how modern times might affect a movie about a giant weirdo chasing dumb teenagers in the...



DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIGINAL HALLOWEEN HALLOWEEN 2018

POLICE RESPONSE



1978



2018

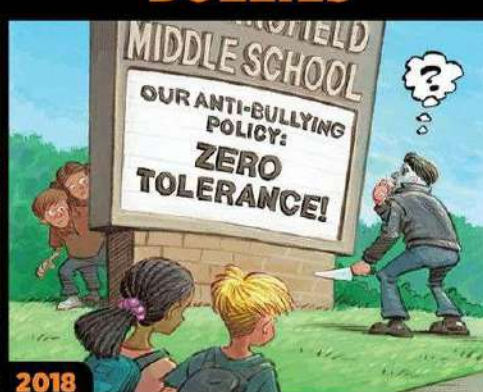


WRITER BRIAN POSEHN ARTIST GIDEON KENDALL

BULLIES



1978



2018



TOAST



1978



2018



JUMP SCARES

AAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!!!



1978

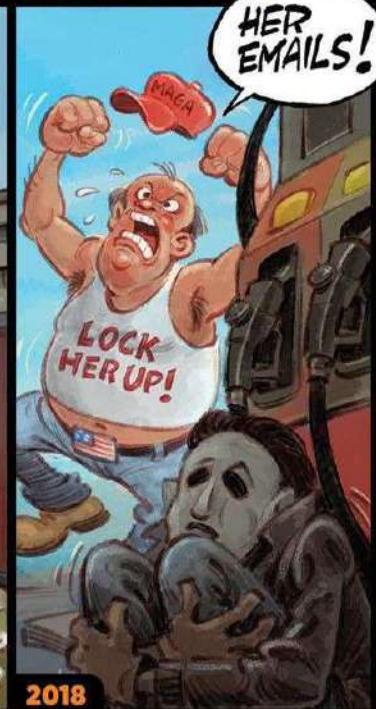


2018

SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



1978



2018

PHONES

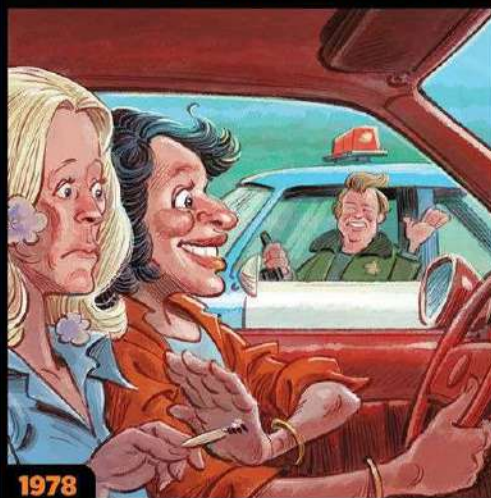


1978



2018

CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES



1978



2018

THE FINAL CHASE

THE FINAL CHASE IN THE ORIGINAL IS OVER TWENTY MINUTES LONG.



1978

THIS ONE WILL BE MUCH SHORTER.



2018

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #4, DEC 2018



HORROR THINGS WITH YOU? DEPT.

A few years back MAD noted how Hollywood was scraping the bottom of the barrel trying to dig up new and scarier monsters for their horror pictures—monsters like *The Fly*, *The Blob*, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, and *Nick Adams*. We the suggested that Hollywood take a good at the monsters created by Madison Avenue for their inspiration. Now we add more fool to the fire by suggesting these...

NEW FROM

BEWARE!

LOCK THE DOORS! DRAW THE BLINDS! TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

The Neighbors Are Coming!

SEE THEM

produce snapshots
by the hundreds!

HEAR THEM

talk and talk for
hours about nothing!

WATCH THEM

eat every drop of
food in sight!

AS THEY

STAY AND

STAY

AND

STAY!



THEY CAME FROM DOWN THE BLOCK



WHAT INDESCRIBABLE HORRORS LURKED IN
THE BOX THAT MADE STRONG MEN TREMBLE,
WOMEN FAINT AND CHILDREN SCREAM?

YOU'LL SHRIEK IN TERROR at the bills
YOU'LL SHUDDER WITH NAUSEA at the junk mail
YOU'LL GASP IN SURPRISE at a real letter



IN THE

MAILBOX

STARRING

TOM POSTAGE FRED ASTAMP MARTY MAILER RIP TORN
and introducing OCCUPANT as "The Victim"

MOVIE MONSTERS EVERYDAY LIFE



IT WAS A DAY OF INCREDIBLE HORROR!

FIRST,
THE
TV SET
BLEW!



THEN,
THE CAR
WOULDN'T
START!



THEN,
THE
AIR-CONDITIONER
STOPPED!



THEN—

THE STOVE, THE REFRIGERATOR, THE TELEPHONE,
THE WASHING MACHINE, THE DISH WASHER, EVEN
THE COFFEE MAKER SUDDENLY WENT ON THE BLINK!

THEY WERE FORCED TO LIVE A SAVAGE
EXISTENCE...CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION BY



THE REVOLT OF THE MACHINES

A Reddy Kilowatt Production

THE WIND
CARRIED
IT!

THE SUN
GERMINATED
IT!

THE RAIN
NURTURED
IT!

THE BLOCK
COMPLAINED
ABOUT IT!

THEY DUG— THEY PULLED— THEY SPRAYED—
THEY FOUGHT IT WITH THEIR BARE HANDS!
NOTHING COULD STOP IT!



THE INVASION OF THE CRABGRASS

With: CHANEY BACALL LAWN MOWER
LAWN MARION SOPHIA TERRY
LAWN LAWN MOWER

WRITER E. NELSON BRIDEWELL
ARTIST JOE ORLANDO

Handwritten signature: @Lund

THE SIGNAL SAID

WALK

-BUT DID THEY DARE?!

TERRORIZED PEDESTRIANS

TRYING TO CROSS THE STREET

TRAPPED FOREVER

BY

HALF-CRAZED MOTORISTS

ON THE

TRAFFIC ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN

With MITZI RED CLINT ERNIE MERCEDES LENA
GREEN BUTTONS WALKER FORD McCAMBRIDGE HORNE

and featuring "The CADILLACS"—singing "Old Volks at Home"



LOOK OUT! HERE COME THE AMATEURS!
Watch in fascinating horror as they

MURDER SHAKESPEARE MUTILATE IBSEN DESTROY SHAW



The BUTCHERS of the LITTLE THEATER



FULLER B. LONEY
as "The Director"
who improved on
"Aeschylus"



RAVEN RANT
as "The Leading
Lady" whose method
was madness



NOAH MOTION
as "The Leading
Man"—a square
in the round

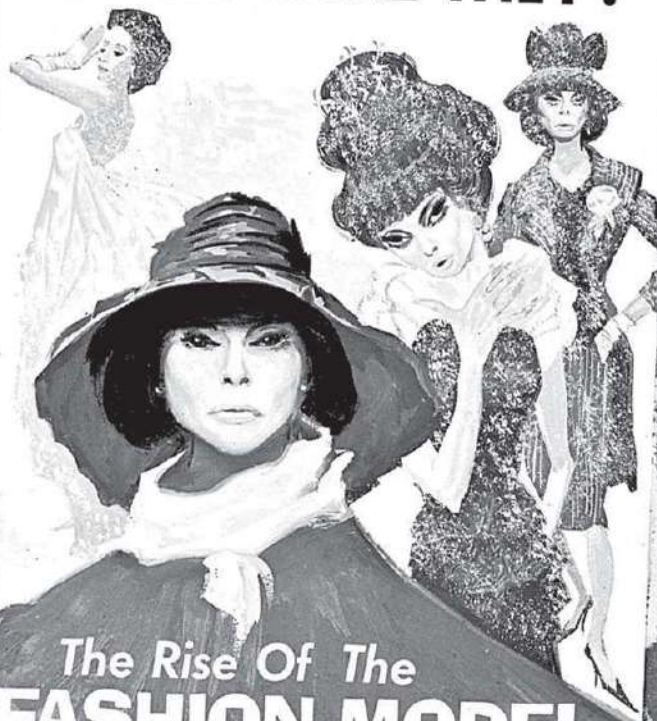
A plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams.
—William Shakespeare (HAMLET Act. 2, Sc. 2)

PARIS DESIGNERS
HIRED THEM!

FASHION MAGAZINES
PHOTOGRAPHED THEM!

The Gaunt, Corpse-like Creatures with Gruesome Make-Up
and Abominable Hairdos, wearing Grotesque Costumes!

WHAT WERE THEY?



The Rise Of The FASHION-MODEL ZOMBIES

STARRING

KAY DAVVER SKELLY TONN HITTY YUSS VERA THIN
DELLA KITT LOTTA BONES LYKA MANN

WITH
NOAH PEEL



Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING STUDENTS

THE DEADLY
DECIBEL MEDAL



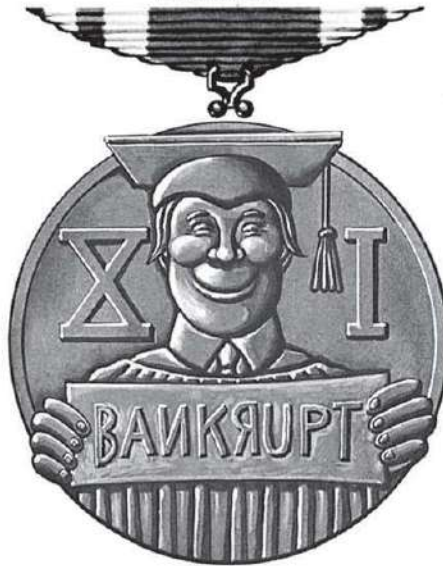
For the performance of homework under extraordinary conditions, such as the TV, stereo tape player and FM radio blasting at full volume, thus preparing for noise pollution of daily life.

THE PERENNIAL
STUDENT AWARD



For the brilliant use of every device available to students, such as scholarships, loans, grants, etc., to stay in school forever . . . thus relieving pressure on the already-crowded job market.

THE CHAPTER XI
CITATION



For heroically declaring bankruptcy so student loans need not be repaid, thus depriving the U.S. Government of money that might be otherwise spent on things like neutron bombs and welfare cheats.

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

THE SILVER
XEROX AWARD

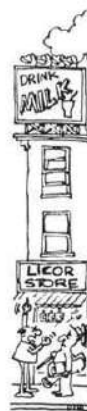


For outstanding achievement in copying during exams from only the best fellow students so that only fantastic marks are brought home to make parents proud.

THE BLEEDING
HEART MEDAL



Awarded to all students who actively participate in protest demonstrations on campus while at the same time, never taking out precious time to vote.





Update the horror classics of the '20s, '30s, and '40s and what do you get?...A horror that will never be a classic in any year! Not even when you bring in a guy who fearlessly battles monsters and special effects. No one can save this film, not even...

VAN HEL

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

Well, Dr. Jerk-ill, I see you're a changed man! So tell me, Mr. Snide, what kind of powerful potion did you swallow to change so drastically?

Something brand new. It's called CGI! It can make you as big and as bad as you like!

You've made quite a switch! Instead of turning into Mr. Snide, it looks like you've turned into a hideous cross between The Incredible Hulk and Bill O'Reilly!

Victory Frankenfurter, I must have your monster!

My monster is my life's work! I won't give him up!

I need him to help me give birth to my babies!

Give birth to your babies? You can't! Transylvania still doesn't recognize same sex marriages! Try moving to Massachusetts!



What's that terrible commotion coming from under the ground? Is it rumblings from the Gates of Hell?

Naw, it's the sound of classic horror movie actors Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney Jr. spinning in their graves!!

My brother and I are the only two remaining members of the Hilarious family. We've spent over 400 years trying to kill Dreckula!

Well...not really! For one reason or another we put off doing anything about him for the first 395 years. But for the last 5, we've been on him pretty good!

Now I'm more determined than ever to rid the earth of his evil!

Anyone can tell you mean business, dear sister! Your leather boots are higher than ever, your leather outfit is tighter than ever and your new leather whip hits harder than ever! Damn, I wish you weren't my sister! I'm getting turned on!



Richmond

STINK

Look at those three creatures! If those are Dreckula's brides, we're in big trouble!

It could be worse! They could be Charlie's Angels here to make another dreadful sequel!



Burn him!
Destroy him!
Exterminate him!

Yes, we must kill Victory Frankenfurter!

Kill Frankenfurter? You're in the wrong mob! This is the mob that wants to kill Stephen Sommers, the guy who wrote and directed this mess!



How do you know which panel of this satire to read first? It's totaling confusing!

I know! It's just like the movie, isn't it!

If you won't give me your monster, Dr. Frankenfurter, I'll just kill you and steal him!

Gladly! I'll beat you with this rod while Dreckula sucks your blood!!

Sorry, but Dreckula promised me that if I went to work for him, he'd never out-source my job to a hunchback in India!

E-Gads, help!

No — help ME, not Dreckula!

WE WERE SCARIER THAN THIS!



PARIS - NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

This was a good choice of cathedrals to pick for a fight, Mr. Snide! So few churches have these long ropes for us to swing on! And even fewer have 600-year-old stained glass windows to crash through!

Yes, but we never should have grabbed a rope during rush hour!

You're right! There's so much traffic up here, it's hard to try to kill each other effectively!



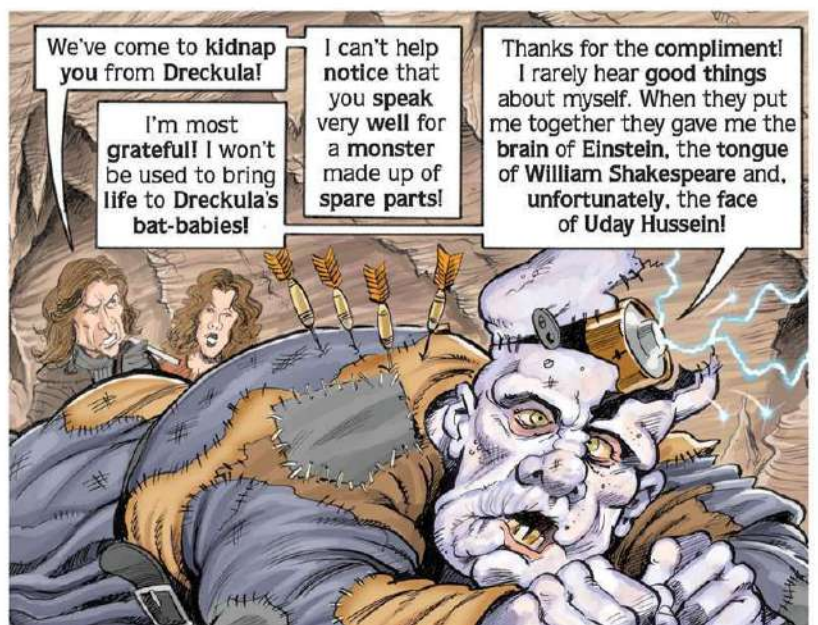
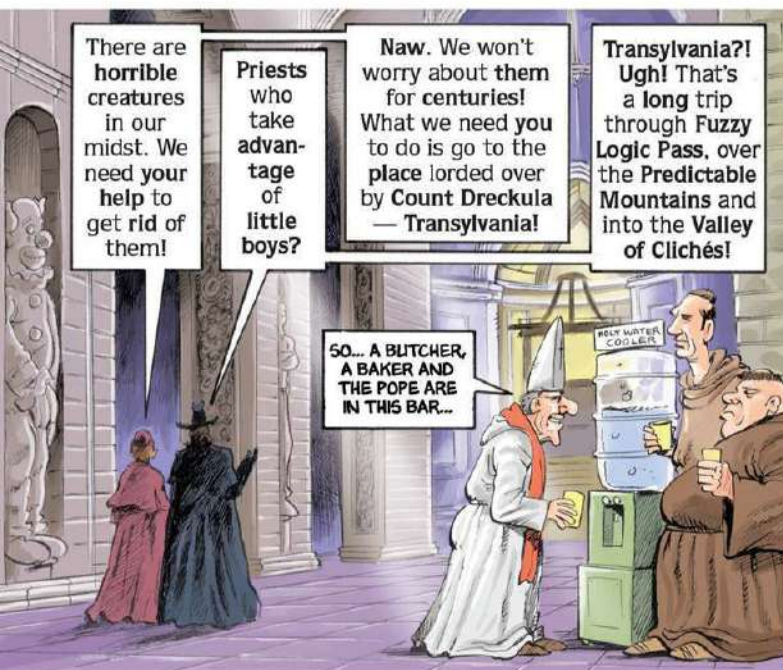
ROME - ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL. THE PART WHERE THEY MAKE THE HIGH TECH WEAPONS.

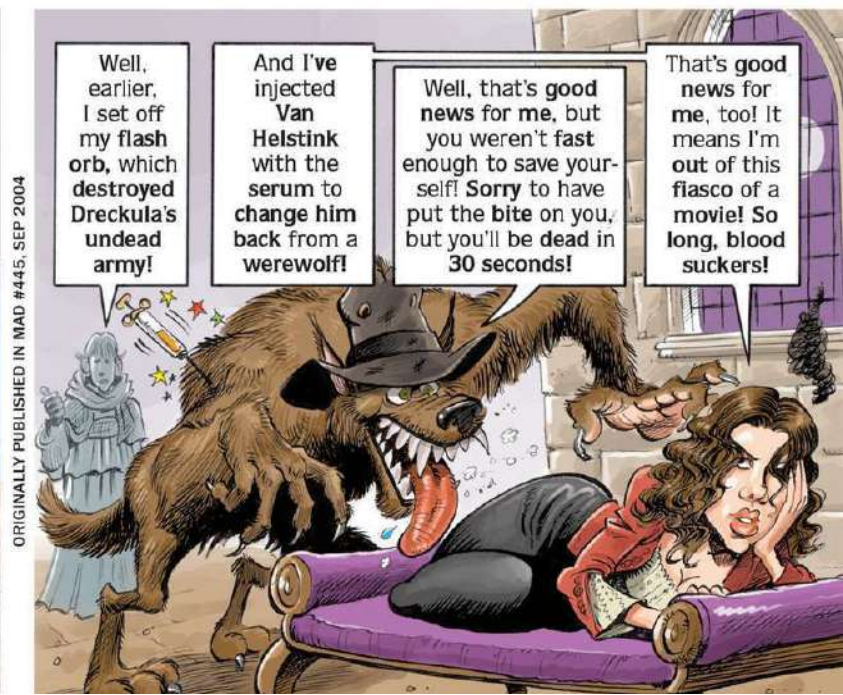
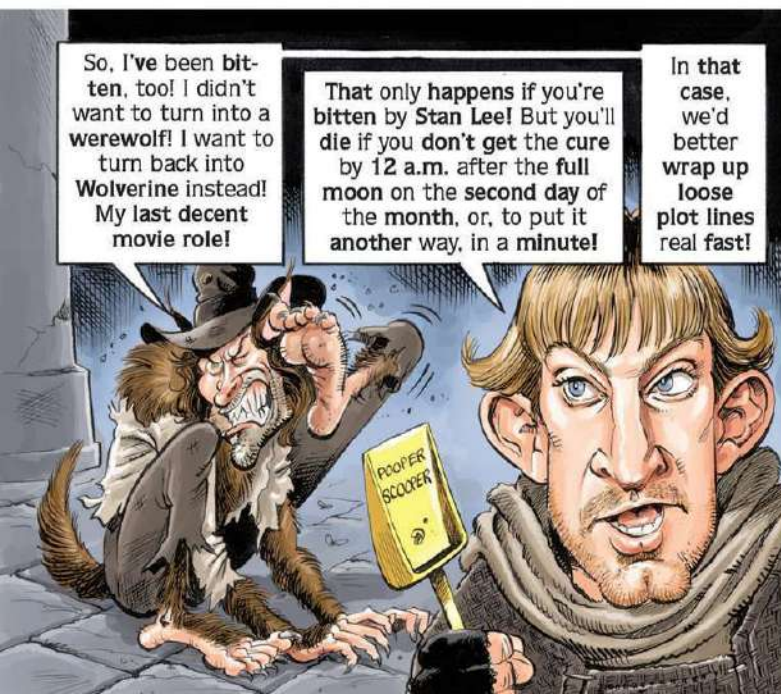
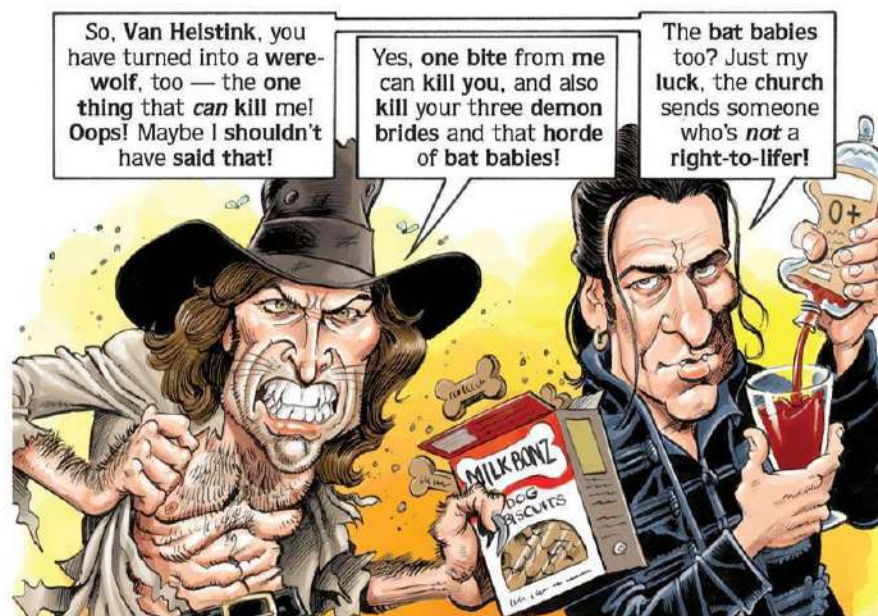
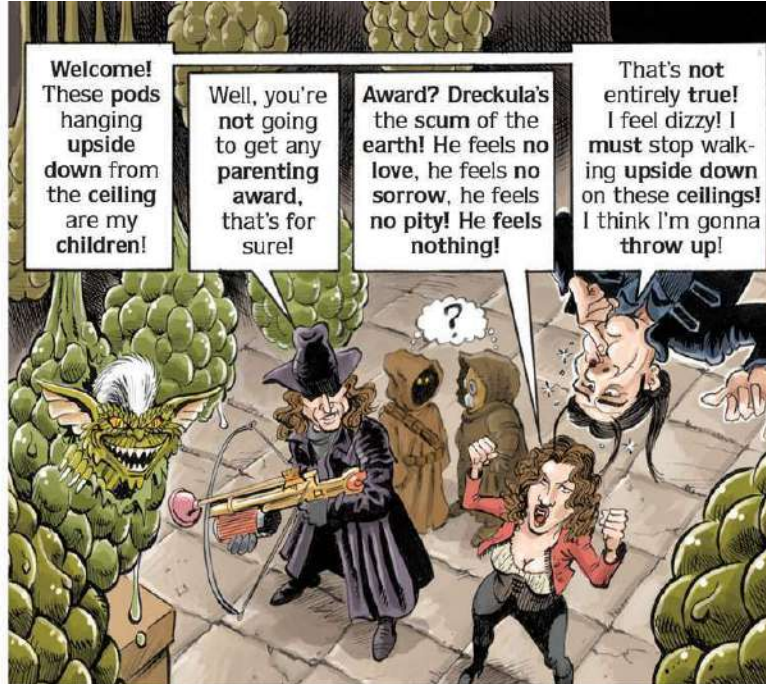
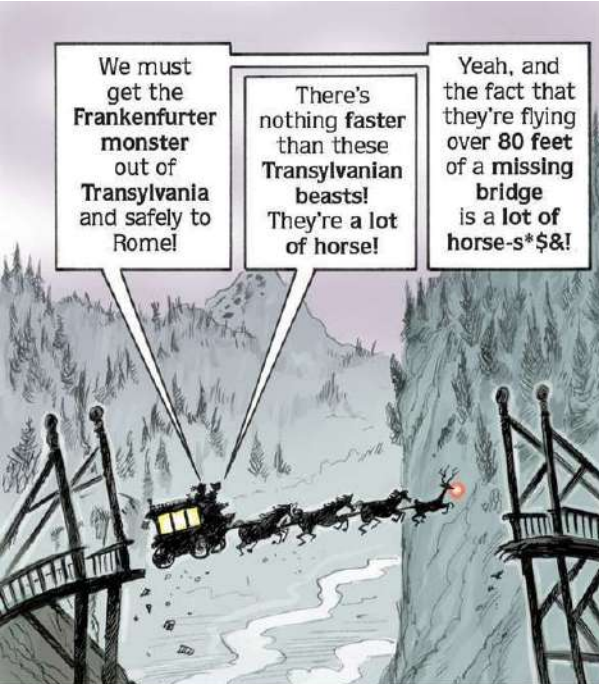
Here at St. Peter's Cathedral & Munitions Factory, we're developing some of the most sophisticated weapons of mass destruction of vampires known to man! This is one of my latest inventions. It's a clove of garlic, a tube of holy water, a silver stake and a crucifix, all built into a single pocket knife. I know it's kind of big and unwieldy, but it is state-of-the-art, considering the year!

It's a light source, equal to the intensity of the sun. I call it a flash bulb, but I need to wait for the camera to be invented before I market it!

And what's this orb?





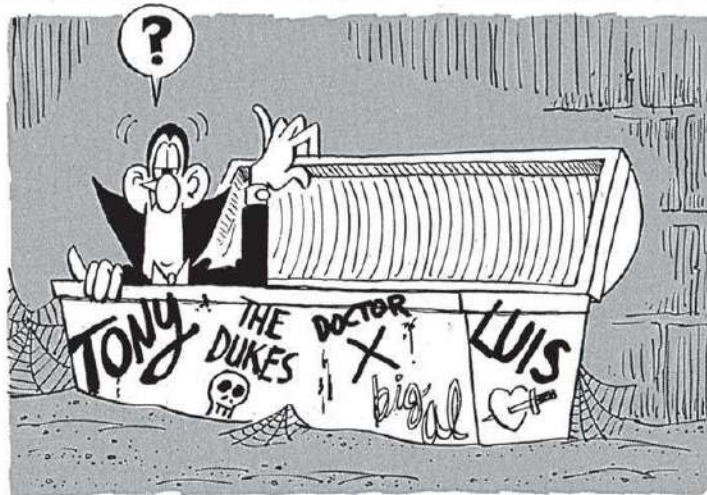
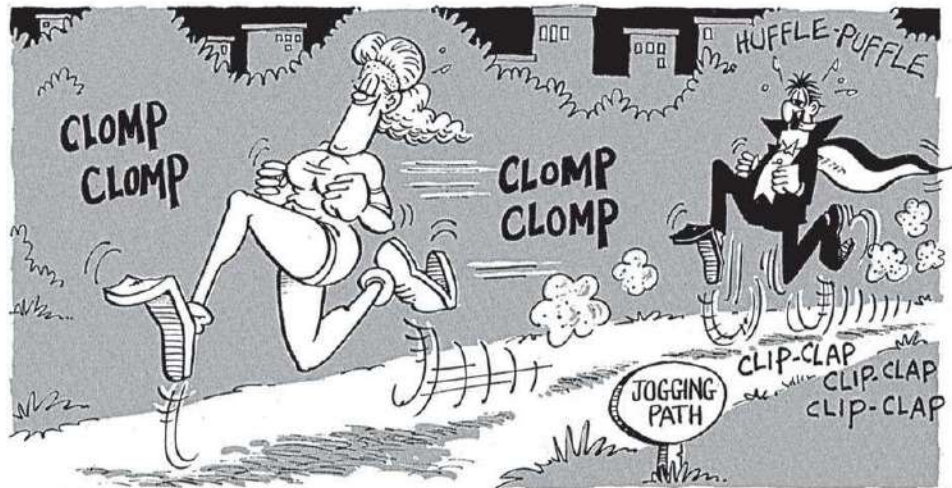




A COUNT RECEIVABLE DEPT.

MAD

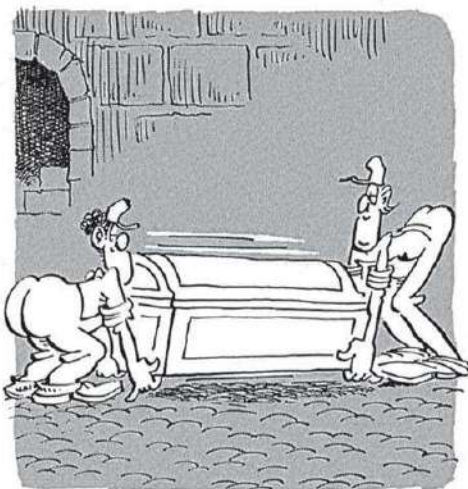
LOOKS AT...

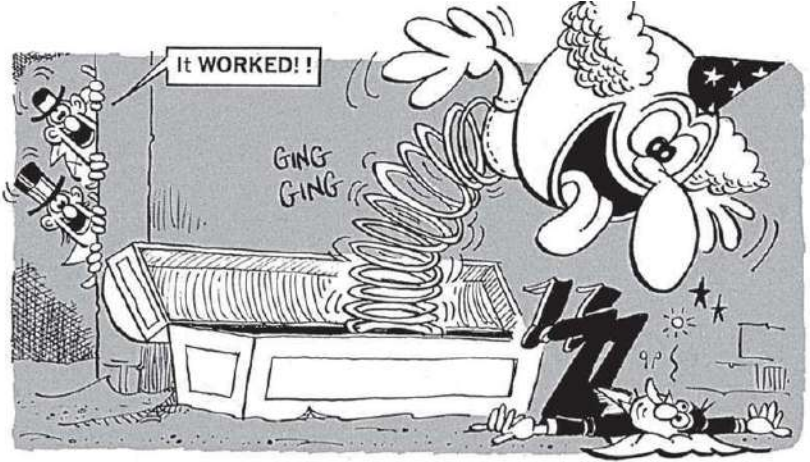


RAAGULA

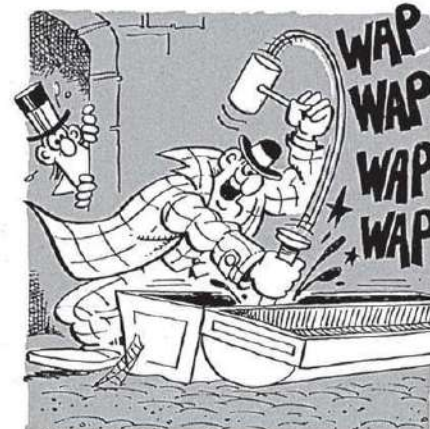
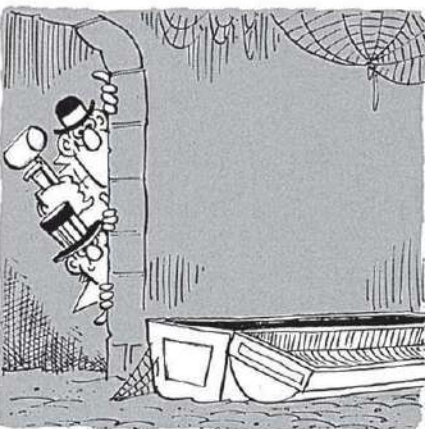


WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #213, MAR 1980





Meanwhile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"IT'S THE OUIJA BOARD. SHOULD I LET IT GO TO VOICE MAIL?"



"THAT'LL BE FIVE DOLLARS, OR TEN WITHOUT THE CURSE."



"THERE'S NO SHAME IN ASKING FOR A HAND WHEN YOU NEED ONE."



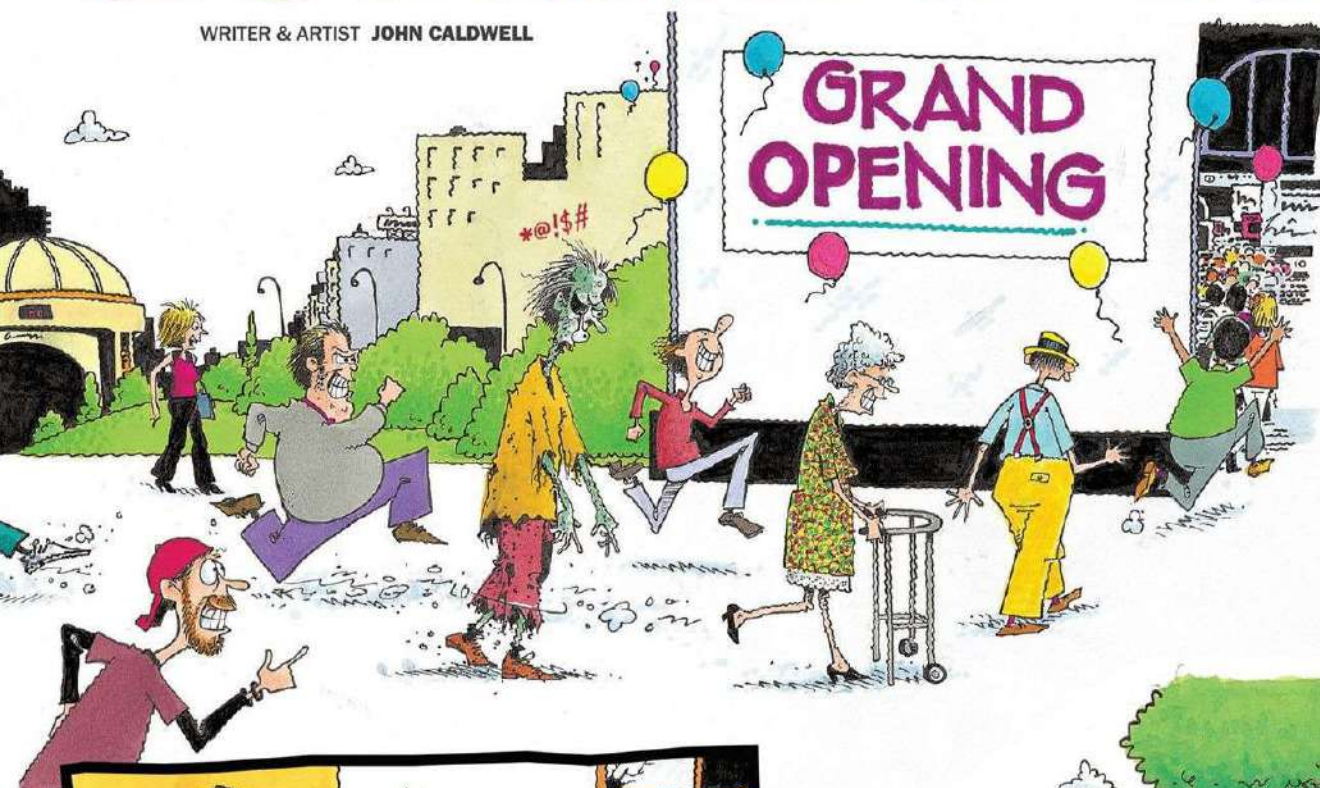
"I WON'T TELL ANYONE YOU'RE A CAT IN A TRENCHCOAT IF YOU DON'T TELL ANYONE I'M AN OCTOPUS WITH A MANNEQUIN HEAD"

Good news! Zombies are making a comeback! It used to be that these creatures were feared and despised by the general population, but no more! Still, don't pop those champagne corks for zombies just yet! Being a zombie ain't easy, as you'll see in...

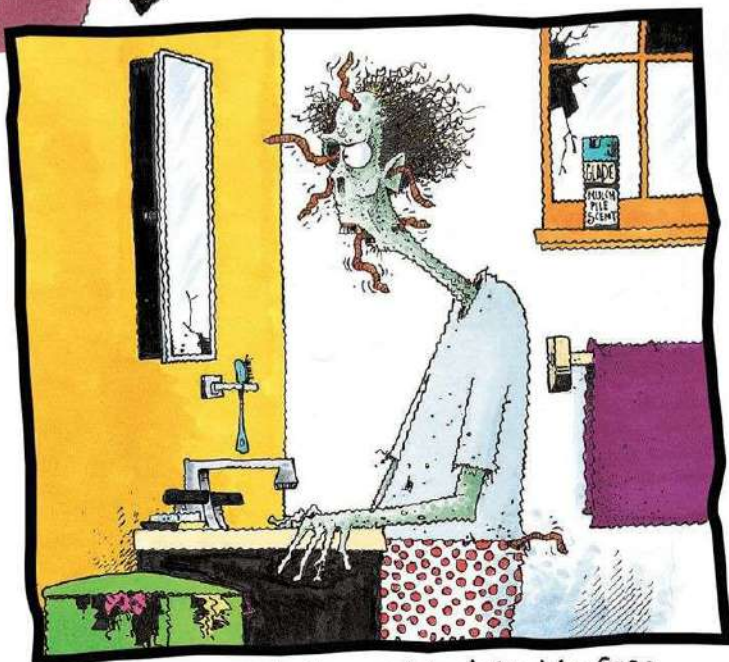
JOHN CALDWELL'S

THINGS THAT REALLY GET UNDER A ZOMBIE'S SKIN

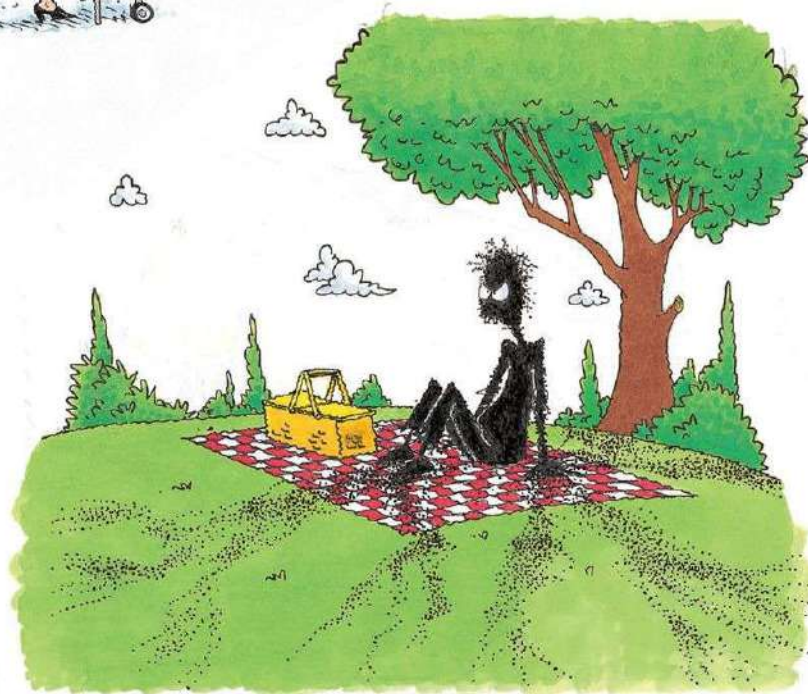
WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL



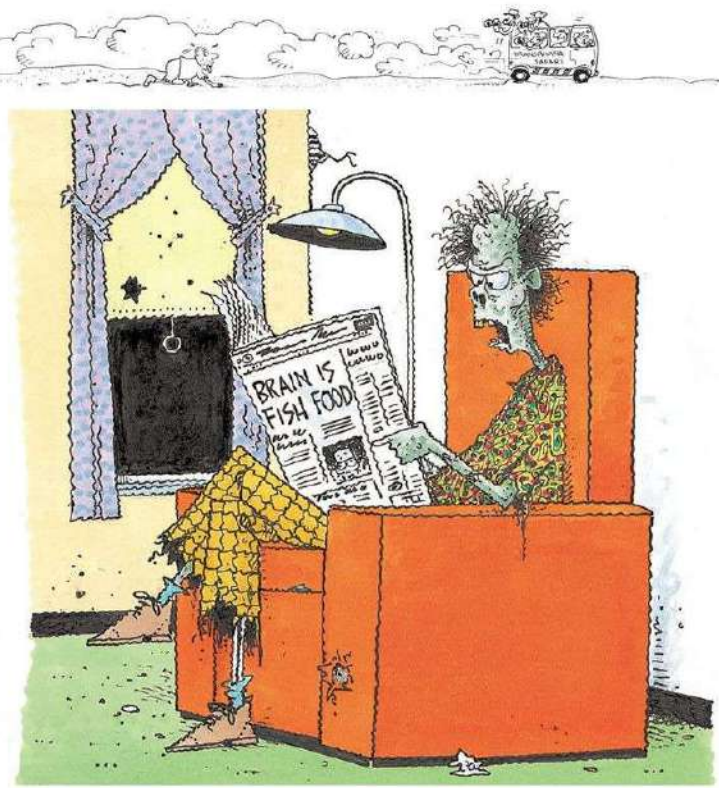
The fact that, no matter how hard he tries, he's never among the first 100 patrons to get something for free



When, just before a big date, his face
breaks out in nightcrawlers



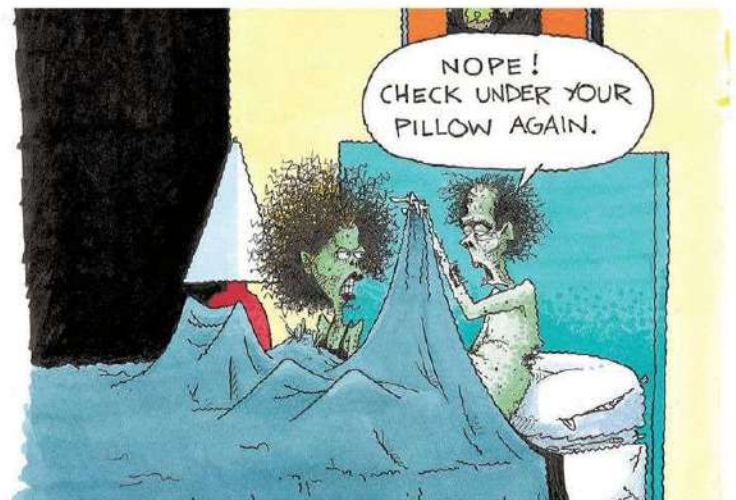
Picnic ants



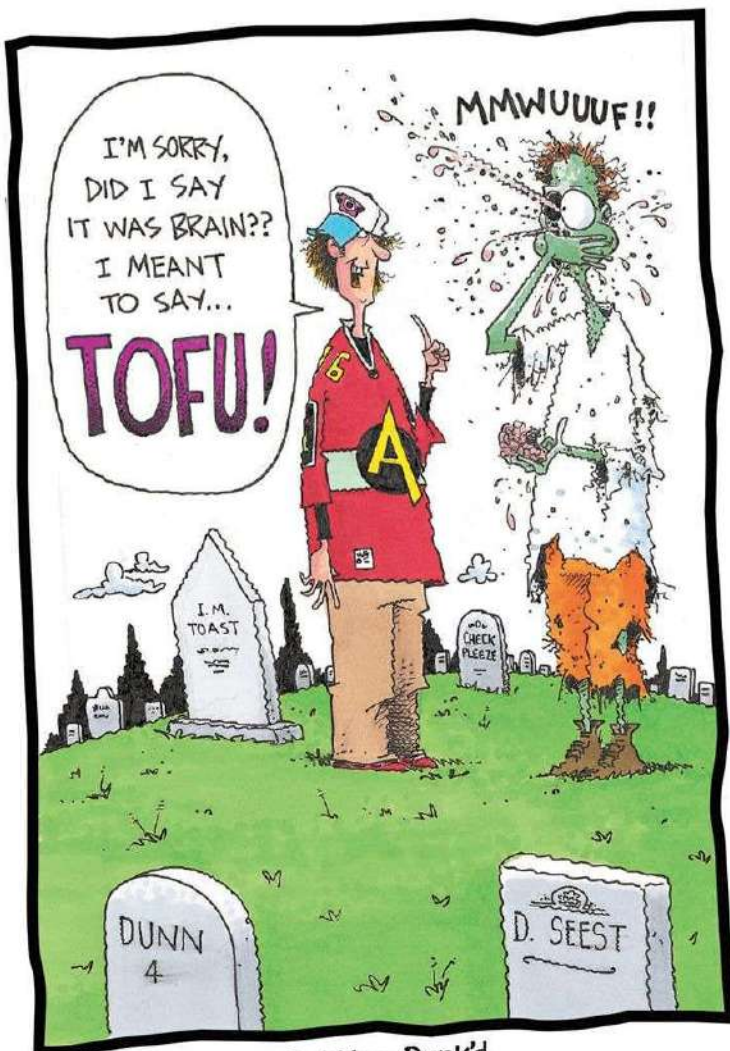
Flip-flopping government studies saying one day that eating brains lowers cholesterol, then the next day, declaring just the opposite



The seemingly insurmountable problems associated with getting a barbed wire bicep tattoo



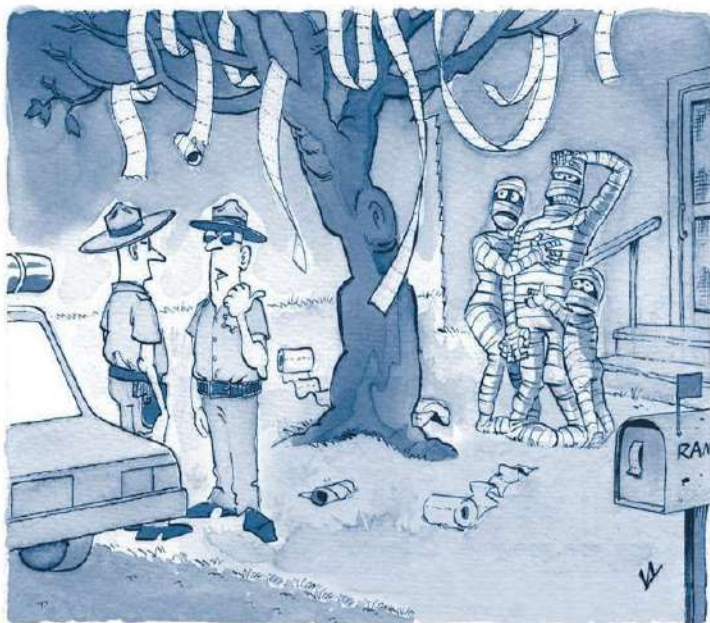
That debilitating variety of erectile dysfunction that's unique to zombies



Getting Punk'd



Seriously mis-timing that hand-popping-out-from-the-grave moment

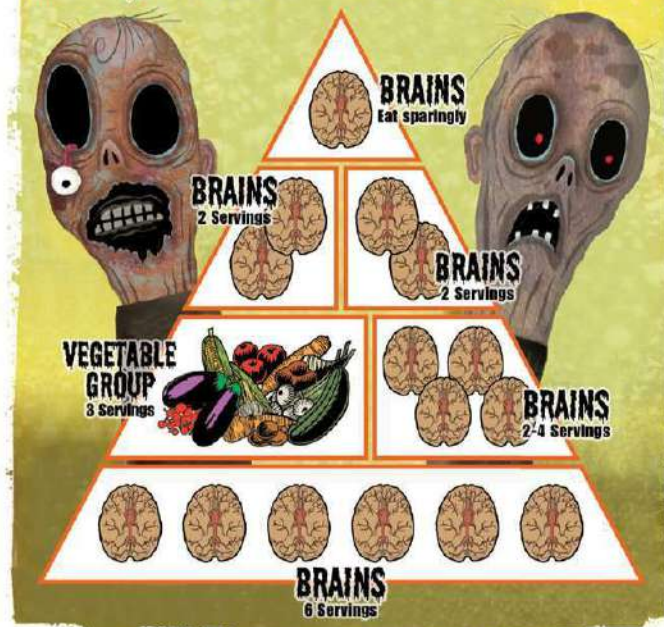


"HE'S CALLING IT A HATE CRIME."

ARTIST & WRITER **JASON YUNGBLUTH**



THE ZOMBIE FOOD PYRAMID



ARTIST **MICHAEL SLACK**

WRITERS **TODD EISNER & BENJAMIN SCHULTZ**

PRODUCT PLACEMENT IN HORROR MOVIES



AAAGHH! HE'S ATTACKING ME WITH THE NEW **HUSQVARNA 353 CHAINSAW** WITH 3.3 HORSEPOWER AND **SMART START** FOR EASY, HASSLE-FREE STARTING!

ARTIST & WRITER **SCOTT NICKEL**

ALL ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #483, NOV 2007

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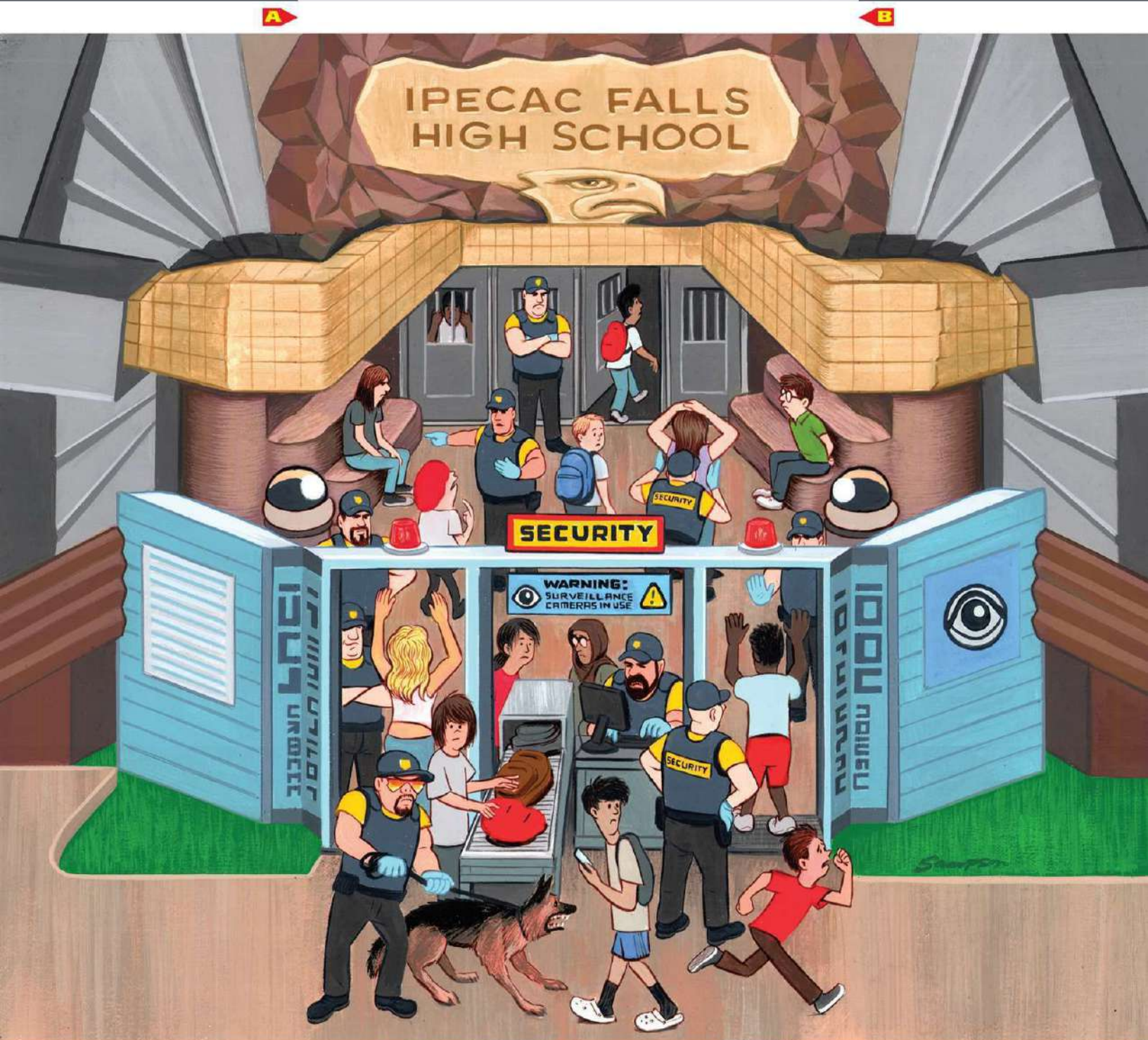
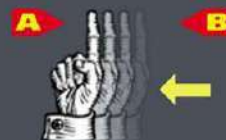
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WHAT SCARY
THING IS
WAITING FOR
STUDENTS AT
SOME SCHOOLS?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Providing students with a well-rounded education in a safe learning space is the highest priority for educators everywhere. Yet in spite of their best intentions and efforts, something scary is rampaging unabated through American schools these days. To see what that is, fold page as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



CURRENT EVENTS HAVE STUDENTS ON EDGE. IN ORDER TO ENSURE SAFETY, SCHOOLS TAKE DRASTIC STEPS. ON THEIR DOORSTEPS, STRONG SECURITY IS EFFECTIVE, BUT IT TENDS TO CHIP AWAY AT ANY REMAINING SENSE OF NORMALCY FOR ALL.



Norman
Rockwell

"Look, Mom—no more cavities!"

Crust Gumpaste helps gums take the place of teeth by coating them with a hard



white enamel finish! Just the thing for punks who get their teeth knocked out from running around with teen-age gangs.



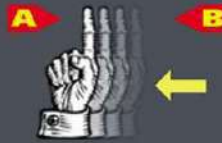
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A MAD AD PARODY
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

WHAT SCARY
THING IS
WAITING FOR
STUDENTS AT
SOME SCHOOLS?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



CEN-
SOR-
SHIP

A B